A TALE OF TWO CITIES

CHARLES DICKENS

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TWO CITIES

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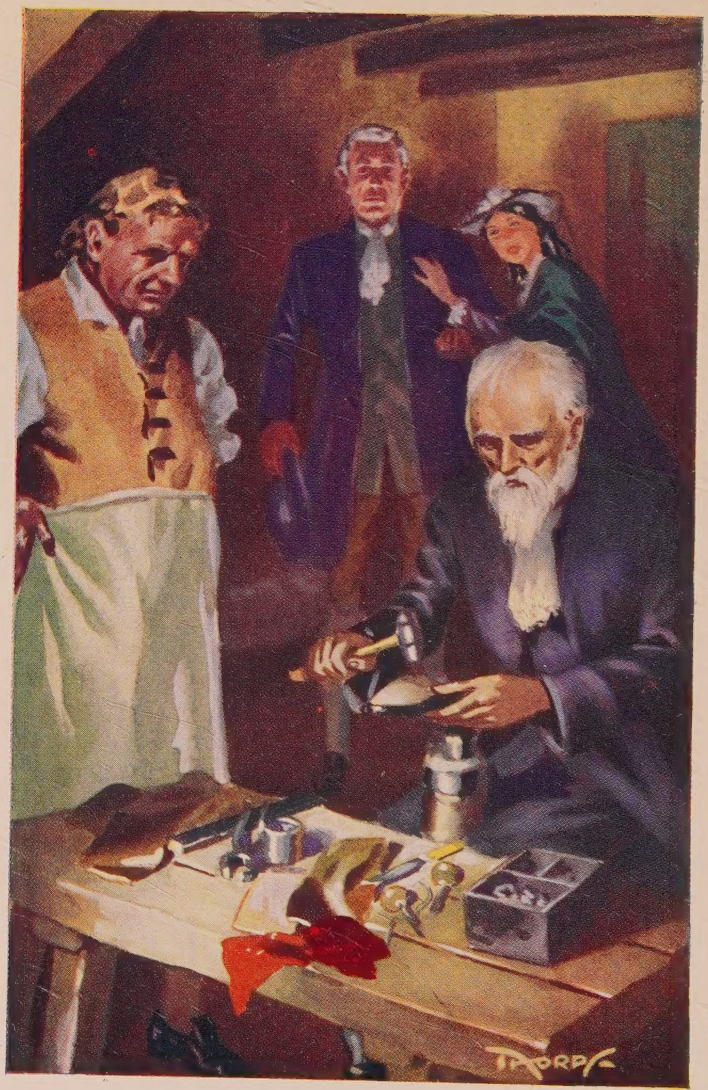

"You are still hard at work, I see?"

[*see page 28*

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH FIVE COLOUR PLATES BY
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LONDON:
W. FOULSHAM & CO., LTD.
NEW YORK TORONTO CAPE TOWN SYDNEY

Made in Great Britain
by C. TINLING & Co., LTD.
LIVERPOOL, LONDON & PRESCOT
ABRIDGED EDITION
18E

PREFACE

WHEN I was acting, with my children and friends, in Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S drama of *The Frozen Deep*, I first conceived the main idea of this story. A strong desire was upon me then, to embody it in my own person; and I traced out in my fancy, the state of mind of which it would necessitate the presentation to an observant spectator, with particular care and interest.

As the idea became familiar to me, it gradually shaped itself into its present form. Throughout its execution, it has had complete possession of me; I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages, as that I have certainly done and suffered it all myself.

Whenever any reference (however slight) is made here to the condition of the French people before or during the Revolution, it is truly made, on the faith of the most trustworthy witnesses. It has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. CARLYLE'S wonderful book.

November, 1859

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Book the First
RECALLED TO LIFE

CHAPTER I

THE PERIOD

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever.

It was the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. The Cock Lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock Lane brood.

France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with

exceeding smoothness downhill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to be burned alive because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a procession of monks which passed within his view. It is likely enough that in the woods of France there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread.

In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a city tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition": after which the mail was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London jails fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's, to search for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob; and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way.

In the midst of them, the hangman was in constant requisition; stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; to-day, taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence. Environed by these things, the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, while those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and fair faces, carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures—the creatures of this chronicle among the rest—along the roads that lay before them.

CHAPTER II

THE MAIL

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. He walked uphill by the side of the mail which lumbered up Shooter's Hill, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Blackheath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard, however, in combination, had read that article of war which forbade a purpose otherwise strongly in favour of the argument, that some brute animals are endued with reason; and the team had capitulated and returned to their duty.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. There was a steaming mist in all the hollows,

and it had roamed in its forlornness up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the reek of the labouring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which he could have taken his oath that they were not fit for the journey.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!"

Once more the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom?"

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"*I* say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the king's name, all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history was on the coach step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step,

half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

"So-ho!" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. "You there! Stand! I shall fire!"

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind what it is!" the guard retorted. "Why do you want to know?"

"I want a passenger if it is."

"What passenger?"

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime. Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight."

"What is the matter?" asked the passenger, then, with mildly-quavering speech. "Who wants me? Is it Jerry?"

"Yes, Mr. Lorry."

"What is the matter?"

"A despatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road—assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately scrambled into the coach, shut the door, and pulled up the window. "He may come close; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't," said the guard, in gruff soliloquy. "Hollo, you! Come on at a footpace; d'ye mind me? And if you've got holsters to that saddle o' yourn, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em."

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the eddying mist to the side of the mail, where the passenger stood. The rider stooped and handed the passenger a small folded paper.

"Guard!" said the passenger, in a tone of quiet confidence.

The watchful guard, with his right hand at the stock

of his raised blunderbuss, and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly, "Sir."

"There is nothing to apprehend. I belong to Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown to drink. I may read this?"

"If so be as you're quick, sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach lamp on that side, and read—first to himself and then aloud: "'Wait at Dover for mam'selle.' It's not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, RECALLED TO LIFE."

Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a blazing strange answer, too," said he, hoarsely.

"Take that message back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good-night."

With those words, the passenger opened the coach door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretence of being asleep.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent. The guard replaced his blunderbuss in his arm-chest, and, having looked to the rest of its contents called "Tom!" softly over the coach roof. "Did you hear the message?"

"I did, Joe."

"What did you make of it, Tom?"

"Nothing at all, Joe."

"That's a coin*ci*dence, too," the guard mused, "for I made the same of it myself."

Jerry, left alone in the mist and darkness, dismounted meanwhile, standing with the bridle over his heavily-splashed arm, until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again, then he turned to walk down the hill.

"After that there gallop from Temple Bar, old lady, I won't trust your fore-legs till I get you on the level," said this hoarse messenger, glancing at his mare. "'Recalled to life.' That's a blazing strange message. Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! You'd be in a blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry!"

CHAPTER III

THE NIGHT SHADOWS

A WONDERFUL fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly-clustered houses incloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them incloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it!

As to this, his natural inheritance, the messenger on horseback had exactly the same possessions as the king or the richest merchant in London. So with the three passengers shut up in the lumbering old mail-coach; they were mysteries to one another, as complete as if each had been in his own coach and six with the breadth of a country between him and the next.

The messenger rode back at an easy trot, stopping pretty often at ale-houses by the way to drink but evincing a tendency to keep his own counsel, and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes. They had a sinister expression, under an old cocked hat like a three-cornered spittoon, and over a great muffler for the chin and throat, which descended nearly to the wearer's knees. When he stopped for drink, he moved this muffler with his left hand, only while he poured his liquor in with his right; as soon as that was done he muffled again.

"No, Jerry, no!" said the messenger as he rode. "Jerry, you honest tradesman, it wouldn't suit *your* line of business! Recalled——! Bust me if I don't think he'd been a-drinking!"

His message perplexed his mind to that degree that he was fain, several times to take off his hat to scratch his head. Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and growing downhill almost to his broad, blunt nose. While he trotted back with the message he was to deliver to the

night-watchman in his box at the door of Tellson's Bank, by Temple Bar, who was to deliver it to greater authorities within, the shadows of the night took such shapes to him as arose out of the message.

Tellson's Bank had a run upon it in the mail. As the bank passenger nodded in his place with half-shut eyes, the little coach windows, and the coach lamp dimly gleaming through them, and the bulky bundle of opposite passenger, became the bank, and did a great stroke of business. The rattle of the harness was the chink of money, and more drafts were honoured in five minutes than even Tellson's, with all its foreign and home connection, ever paid in thrice the time.

But, though the bank was almost always with him, there was another current of impression that never ceased to run, all through the night. He was on his way to dig someone out of a grave.

Now, which of the multitude of faces that showed themselves before him was the true face of the buried person, the shadows of the night did not indicate; but they were all the faces of a man of five-and-forty by years, and they differed principally in the passions they expressed, and in the ghastliness of their worn and wasted state. But the face was in the main one face, and every head was prematurely white. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of this spectre—

"Buried how long?"

The answer was always the same: "Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?

"Long ago."

"You know that you are recalled to life?"

"They tell me so."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

After such imaginary discourse, the passenger in his fancy would dig, and dig, dig—now with a spade, now with a great key, now with his hands—to dig this wretched creature out. Got out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fall away to dust. The passenger would then start to himself, and lower the window, to get the reality of mist and rain on his cheek.

The words were still in his hearing as just spoken—

distinctly in his hearing as ever spoken words had been in his life—when the weary passenger started to the consciousness of daylight, and found that the shadows of the night were gone.

He lowered the window, and looked out at the rising sun. Though the earth was cold and wet, the sky was clear, and the sun rose bright, placid, and beautiful.

"Eighteen years!" said the passenger, looking at the sun. "Gracious Creator of day! To be buried alive for eighteen years!"

CHAPTER IV

THE PREPARATION

When the mail got successfully to Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head drawer at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach door, as his custom was, with some flourish of ceremony, for a mail journey from London in winter was an achievement to congratulate an adventurous traveller upon.

By that time, there was only one adventurous traveller left to be congratulated; for the two others had been set down at their respective roadside destinations. Mr. Lorry, the passenger, shaking himself out of it, a tangle of shaggy wrapper, flapping hat, and muddy legs, was rather like a larger sort of dog.

"There will be a packet to Calais to-morrow, drawer?"

"Yes, sir, if the weather holds. The tide will serve pretty nicely at about two in the afternoon, sir. Bed, sir?"

"I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom and a barber."

"And then breakfast, sir? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. Show Concord! Gentleman's valise and hot water to Concord. Fetch barber to Concord."

The Concord bedchamber being always assigned to a passenger by the mail, and passengers by the mail being always heavily wrapped up from head to foot, the room had the odd interest for the establishment of the Royal

George, that although but one kind of man was seen to go into it, all kinds and varieties of men came out of it. Consequently, another drawer, and two porters, and several maids, were all loitering by accident between the Concord and the coffee-room, when a gentleman of sixty, formally dressed in a brown suit of clothes, pretty well worn, but very well kept, passed along on his way to his breakfast.

Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a band on each knee. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head, which looked as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His face, habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist, bright eyes that it must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. The arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the drawer, as he moved his chair to it—

"I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Please to let me know."

"Yes, sir. Tellson's Bank in London, sir?'

"Yes."

"Yes, sir. We have oftentimes the humour to entertain your gentlemen in their travelling backwards and forwards betwixt London and Paris, sir. A vast deal of travelling, sir, in Tellson and Company's house."

"Yes. We are quite a French house, as well as an English one."

"Yes, sir. Not much in the habit of such travelling yourself, I think, sir?"

"Not of late years. It is fifteen years since we—since I—came last from France."

"Indeed, sir? That was before my time here, sir. The George was in other hands at that time, sir."

"I believe so."

When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast, he went out for a stroll on the beach. The narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach, and ran its head into the chalk cliffs, like a marine ostrich.

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapour, Mr. Lorry's thoughts seemed to cloud too. When it was dark, and he sat before the coffee-room fire, awaiting his dinner as he had awaited his breakfast, his mind was busily digging, digging, digging, in the live red coals.

Mr. Lorry had just poured out his last glassful of wine with as complete an appearance of satisfaction as is ever to be found in an elderly gentleman of a fresh complexion who has got to the end of a bottle, when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street, and rumbled into the inn-yard.

He set down his glass untouched. "This is mam'selle!" said he.

In a very few minutes the waiter came in, to announce that Miss Manette had arrived from London, and would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson's, who had nothing left for it but to empty his glass with an air of stolid desperation, settle his odd little flaxen wig at the ears, and follow the waiter to Miss Manette's apartment.

Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, saw a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding-cloak, and still holding her straw travelling-hat by its ribbon, in her hand. As his eyes rested on a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, a sudden vivid likeness passed before him, of a child whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very Channel, one cold time, when the hail drifted heavily and the sea ran high. The likeness passed away like a breath along the surface of the gaunt pier-glass behind her, and he made his formal bow to Miss Manette.

"Pray take a seat, sir." In a very clear and pleasant young voice; a little foreign in its accent.

Mr. Lorry made his formal bow again, and took his seat.

"I received a letter from the bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some new discovery respecting the small property of my poor father whom I never saw—so long dead——"

Mr. Lorry moved in his chair, and cast a troubled look towards her.

"Rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there

to communicate with a gentleman of the bank, so good as to be despatched to Paris for the purpose."

"Myself."

"Sir, I thank you indeed. I thank you very gratefully. It was told me by the bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business, and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are."

"Naturally," said Mr. Lorry. "Yes—I—— "

After a pause, he added, again settling the crisp flaxen wig at the ears—

"It is very difficult to begin. Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers. He was a French gentleman, a man of great acquirements—a doctor."

"Not of Beauvais? "

"Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honour of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. I was at that time in our French house, and had been—oh! twenty years."

"At that time—I may ask, at what time, sir? "

"I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married—an English lady—and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way, I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers. To go on—— "

"But this is my father's story, sir; and I begin to think that when I was left an orphan, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidingly advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips. He then conducted the young lady straightway to her chair again, and stood looking down into her face while she sat looking up into his.

"Miss Manette, it *was* I. And I have never seen you since. No; you have been the ward of Tellson's house since, and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson's house since. So far, miss (as you have remarked),

this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had not died when he did—— Don't be frightened! How you start!"

She did, indeed, start. And she caught his wrist with both her hands.

"Pray," said Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on the supplicatory fingers that clasped him in so violent a tremble —"pray control your agitation—a matter of business. As I was saying——"

Her look so discomposed him that he stopped, wandered, and began anew—

"As I was saying, if Monsieur Manette had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had been spirited away; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place, though no art could trace him; if he had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege that I in my own time have known the boldest people afraid to speak of in a whisper, across the water, there—for instance, the privilege of filling up blank forms for the consignment of any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time; if his wife had implored the king, the queen, the court, the clergy, for any tidings of him, and all quite in vain; then the history of your father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the doctor of Beauvais."

"I entreat you to tell me more, sir."

"I will. I am going to. You can bear it?"

"I can bear anything but the uncertainty you leave me in at this moment."

"You speak collectedly, and you—*are* collected. That's good! Now, if this doctor's wife, though a lady of great courage and spirit, had suffered so intensely from this cause before her little child was born that she came to the determination of sparing the poor child the inheritance of any part of the agony she had known the pains of, by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead——No, don't kneel! In Heaven's name, why should you kneel to me!"

"For the truth. O dear, good, compassionate sir, for the truth!"

"Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you. You know that your parents had no great possession,

and that what they had was secured to your mother and to you. There has been no new discovery, of money, or of any other property; but——"

He felt his wrist held closely, and he stopped.

"But he has been—been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable; almost a wreck, it is possible; though we will hope for the best. Still alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there: I, to identify him if I can: you to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort."

A shiver ran through her frame, and from it through his. She said, in a low, distinct, awe-stricken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream—

"I am going to see his ghost! It will be his ghost—not him!"

Mr. Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm. "There, there, there! See now, see now! The best and the worst are known to you now. Only one thing more," said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome means of enforcing her attention: "he has been found under another name; his own, long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to make any inquiries—it would be dangerous—Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Tellson's, important as they are to French credit, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. This is a secret service altogether. My credentials, entries, and memoranda, are all comprehended in the one line, 'Recalled to life'; which may mean anything. But what is the matter! Miss Manette!"

Perfectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat under his hand, utterly insensible. So close was her hold upon his arm, that he feared to detach himself lest he should hurt her; therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving.

A wild-looking woman, whom even in his agitation Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red colour, and to have red hair, and to be dressed in some extraordinarily tight-fitting fashion, came running into the room in advance of the inn servants, and soon settled the question of his detachment from the poor young lady, by laying a brawny hand upon his chest, and sending him flying back against the nearest wall.

"Why, look at you all!" bawled this figure, addressing the inn servants. "Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there staring at me? I'll let you know, if you don't bring smelling-salts, cold water, and vinegar, quick, I will!"

There was an immediate dispersal for these restoratives, and she softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness; calling her "my precious!" and "my bird!" and spreading her golden hair aside over her shoulders with great pride and care.

"And you in brown!" she said, indignantly turning on Mr. Lorry; "couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her, without frightening her to death?"

Mr. Lorry was so exceedingly disconcerted by a question so hard to answer, that he could only look on, at a distance, with much sympathy and humility, while the strong woman recovered her charge by a regular series of gradations, and coaxed her to lay her drooping head upon her shoulder.

"I hope she will do well now," said Mr. Lorry.

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does. My darling pretty!"

"I hope," said Mr. Lorry, after another pause of sympathy and humility, "that you accompany Miss Manette to France?"

"A likely thing too!" replied the strong woman. "If it was ever intended that I should go across salt water, do you suppose Providence would have cast my lot in an island?"

This being another question hard to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.

CHAPTER V

THE WINE-SHOP

A LARGE cask of wine had been dropped and broken, in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business.

or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport and much playfulness. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting, set it in motion again; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine lees—BLOOD.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of his shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way:—

"Say, then, my Gaspard, what do you do there? Are you a subject for the mad-hospital?"

Crossing the road, he obliterated the jest with a handful of mud picked up for the purpose, and smeared over it. "Why do you write in the public streets? Is there no other place to write such words in?"

In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidentally, perhaps not) upon the joker's heart. The joker rapped it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a fantastic dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

"Put it on, put it on," said the other. "Call wine, wine; and finish there." With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress deliberately, as having dirtied the hand on his account; and then recrossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about, until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. As he passed behind

the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is our man."

"What the devil do *you* do in that galley there?" said Monsieur Defarge to himself; "I don't know you."

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of these three to Monsier Defarge. "Is all the spilt wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of Christian name was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

At this second interchange of the Christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

The last of the three put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

"Ah! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques" was the response of Monsieur Defarge.

This third interchange of the Christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly rustled in her seat.

"Hold then! True!" muttered her husband. "Gentlemen—my wife."

The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourishes. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving them a quick look. Then she took up her knitting and became absorbed in it.

"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eyes observantly upon her, "good-day. The

chamber, furnished bachelor fashion, that you were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the fifth floor. The doorway of the staircase gives on the little courtyard close to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember, one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!"

They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting, when the elderly gentleman advanced from his corner, and begged the favour of a word.

"Willingly, sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their conference was very short, but almost at the first word, Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers, and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway to which he had directed his other company just before. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master and put her hand to his lips. A very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humour left in his face, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

"It is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly." Thus Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

"Is he alone?" the latter whispered.

"Alone! God help him, who should be with him!" said the other, in the same low voice.

"He is greatly changed?"

"Changed!"

The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

Such a staircase, with its accessories, in the older and more crowded part of Paris, would be bad enough now;

but, at that time, it was vile indeed to unaccustomed and unhardened senses.

At last, the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped at the garret storey. The keeper of the wine-shop, always going a little in advance, felt in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder and took out a key.

"The door is locked then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

"You think it is necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened—rave—tear himself to pieces if his door was left open."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible!" repeated Defarge bitterly. "Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it *is* possible, and when many other such things are done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper, that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But by this time her face expressed such deep anxiety, and dread that Mr. Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room door, and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Come now."

The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There they came all at once in sight of three men who were intently looking into a room through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"I forgot them in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down.

There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and

the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger—

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well?"

"*I* think it is well."

"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"

"I choose them as real men, of my name—Jacques is my name—to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little moment."

With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he drew the key across the door, three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking. He set her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did, methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

CHAPTER VI

THE SHOEMAKER

"GOOD-DAY!" said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice

responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance—

"Good-day!"

"You are still hard at work, I see?"

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, "Yes—I am working." This time, a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner, before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago.

Some minutes of silent work had passed and the haggard ewes had looked up again with a dull mechanical perception, that the spot where the visitor had stood, was not yet empty.

"I want," said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, "to let in a little more light here. You can bear a little more?"

The shoemaker stopped his work; looked, with a vacant air.

"What did you say?"

"You can bear a little more light?"

"I must bear it, if you let it in."

The opened half-door was opened a little farther, and secured at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labour. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He

showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it (his lips and his nails were of the same pale lead colour), and then the hand dropped to his work, and he once more bent over the shoe. The look and the action had occupied but an instant.

"Come!" said Defarge. "Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur."

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name."

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied—

"It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking-shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand." He glanced at the shoe, with some little passing touch of pride.

"And the maker's name?" said Defarge.

The task of recalling him from the vacancy into which he always sank when he had spoken, was like recalling some very weak person from a swoon, or endeavouring, in the hope of some disclosure, to stay the spirit of a fast dying man.

"Did you ask me for my name?"

"Assuredly I did."

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

"Is that all?"

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

With a weary sound that was not a sigh, nor a groan, he bent to work again, until the silence was again broken.

"You are not a shoemaker by trade?" said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him; but as no help came from that quarter, they turned back on the questioner when they had sought the ground.

"I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learned it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since."

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been

taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face—

"Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me?"

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

"Monsieur Manette"—Mr. Lorry laid his hand upon Defarge's arm—"do you remember nothing of this man? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette?"

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long-obliterated marks of an actively intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead, gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but they had been there. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, and where she now stood looking at him, with hands extending towards him, trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it back to life and hope—so exactly was the expression repeated (though in stronger characters) on her fair young face, that it looked as though it had passed, like a moving light, from him to her.

She had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat. Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them.

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips, and kissed them to him; then clasped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.

"Who are you?"

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange thrill struck him when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame; he laid the knife down softly, as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up, and looked at it. After looking doubtfully at it, two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this carefully, on his knee, and it contained a very little quantity of hair: not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. "It is the same. How can it be! When was it! How was it!"

As the concentrating expression returned to his forehead, he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. He turned her full to the light, and looked at her.

"She laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out—and when I was brought to the North Tower they found these upon my sleeve. 'You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit.' Those were the words I said. I remember them very well."

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it.

"How was this? *Was it you?*"

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy, but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

"No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. It can't be. See what the prisoner is. These are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this not a voice she ever heard. No, no. She was—and he was—before the slow years of the North Tower—ages ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?"

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

"Oh sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you, here and now, is, that I pray you to touch me and to bless me."

His cold, white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of freedom shining on him.

"If you hear in my voice—I don't know that it is so, but I hope it is—if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, anything that recalls a beloved head that lay on your breast when you were young and free, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you of my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honoured father, and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his tears upon my face. Oh, see! Thank God!"

He had sunk in her arms, with his face dropped on her breast: a sight so touching, yet so terrible in the tremendous wrong and suffering which had gone before it, that the two beholders covered their faces.

When his heaving breast and shaken form had yielded to the calm that must follow all storms, they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground.

"If, without disturbing him," she said, raising her hand to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them, after repeated blowings of his nose, "all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door, he could be taken away——"

"But, consider. Is he fit for the journey?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city, so dreadful to him.

"It is true," said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. "More than that: Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France."

"Then be so kind," urged Miss Manette, "as to leave

The cask . . . lay . . . shattered like a walnut-shell.
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us here. You see how composed he has become, and you cannot be afraid to leave him with me now. If you will lock the door to secure us from interruption I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight."

Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were rather in favour of one of them remaining. But, as time pressed, for the day was drawing to an end, it came at last to their hastily dividing the business that was necessary to be done, and hurrying away to do it.

Then, as the darkness closed in, the daughter laid her head down on the hard floor close at the father's side, and watched him. The darkness deepened and deepened, and they both lay quiet, until a light gleamed through the chinks in the wall.

Mr. Lorry and Monsieur Defarge had made all ready for the journey, and had brought with them, besides travelling cloaks and wrappers, bread and meat, wine, and hot coffee. Monsieur Defarge put this provender, and the lamp he carried, on the shoemaker's bench (there was nothing else in the garret but a pallet bed), and he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive, and assisted him to his feet.

In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey under coercion, he ate and drank what they gave him to eat and drink, and put on the cloak and other wrappings that they gave him to wear. He readily responded to his daughter's drawing her arm through his, and took—and kept—her hand in both of his own.

They began to descend; Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession. They had not traversed many steps of the long main staircase when he stopped, and stared at the roof and round at the walls. They heard him mutter, "One Hundred and Five, North Tower;" and when he looked about him, it evidently was for the strong fortress walls which had long encompassed him. On their reaching the courtyard, he instinctively altered his tread, as being in expectation of a drawbridge; and when there was no drawbridge, and he saw the carriage waiting in the open street, he dropped his daughter's hand and clasped his head again.

Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word "To the

barrier!" The postillion cracked his whip, and they clattered away under the feeble over-swinging lamps. Soldiers with lanterns, at the guard-house there. "Your papers, travellers!" "See here then, monsieur the officer," said Defarge, getting down, and taking him gravely apart, "these are the papers of monsieur inside, with the white head. They were consigned to me, with him, at the——" He dropped his voice. "It is well. Forward!" from the uniform. "Adieu!" from Defarge. And so, under a short grove of feebler and feebler over-swinging lamps, out under the great grove of stars.

All through the cold and restless interval, until dawn, Mr. Jarvis Lorry sat opposite the buried man who had been dug out, wondering what subtle powers were for ever lost to him, and what were capable of restoration—the old inquiry—

"I hope you care to be recalled to life?"

And the old answer—

"I can't say."

Book the Second
THE GOLDEN THREAD

CHAPTER I

FIVE YEARS LATER

Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the house were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable.

Outside Tellson's—never by any means in it, unless called in—was an odd-job man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. His surname was Cruncher, and on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness, in the easterly parish church of Houndsditch, he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

The scene was Mr. Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging Sword Alley, Whitefriars; the time, half-past seven of the clock on a windy March morning, anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty.

Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a savoury neighbourhood, but they were very decently kept. Early as it was, on the windy March morning, the room in which he lay abed was already scrubbed throughout; and between the cups and saucers arranged for breakfast, and the lumbering deal table, a very clean white cloth was spread.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a harlequin at home. At first, he slept heavily, but,

by degrees, began to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface, with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons. At which juncture, he exclaimed, in a voice of dire exasperation—

"Bust me, if she ain't at it agin!"

A woman of orderly appearance rose from her knees in a corner, with sufficient trepidation to show that she was the person referred to.

"What," said Mr. Cruncher, "are you up to, aggerawayter?"

"I was only saying my prayers."

"Saying your prayers. What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me?"

"I was not praying against you; I was praying for you."

"Well, I won't be prayed agin I tell you. I can't afford it." And throwing off other sarcastic sparks from the whirling grindstone of his indignation, Mr. Cruncher betook himself to his boot-cleaning and his general preparations for business.

* * * * *

"You know the Old Bailey well, no doubt?" said one of the oldest clerks to Jerry the messenger.

"Ye-es, sir," returned Jerry, in something of a dogged manner. "I *do* know the Bailey."

"Just so. And you know Mr. Lorry."

"I know Mr. Lorry, sir, much better than I know the Bailey. Much better," said Jerry, not unlike a reluctant witness at the establishment in question, "than I, as a honest tradesman, wish to know the Bailey."

"Very well. Find the door where the witnesses go in, and show the door-keeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in."

"Into the court, sir?"

"Into the court. Here is the letter. Go along."

Jerry took the letter, and, remarking to himself, with less internal deference than he made outward show of, "You are a lean old one, too," made his bow, and went his way through the crowd, with the skill of a man accustomed to make his way quietly. The messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter through a trap in it. After some delay and demur, the

door grudgingly turned on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court, where Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentlemen in wigs. After some gruff coughing and rubbing of his chin and signing with his hand, Jerry attracted the notice of Mr. Lorry, who had stood up to look for him, and who quietly nodded, and sat down again.

The entrance of the judge at this moment caused a great stir and settling-down in the court. Presently, the dock became the central point of interest. Two jailers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in, and put to the Bar.

Everybody present, except one wigged gentleman who ooked at the ceiling, stared at him. All the human breath in the place, rolled at him, like a sea, or a wind, or a fire. The object of all this staring and blaring was a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-grown and well-looking, with a sunburned cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck : more to be out of his way than for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will express itself through any covering of the body, so the paleness which his situation engendered came through the brown upon his cheek, showing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He was otherwise quite self-possessed, bowed to the judge, and stood quiet.

Over the prisoner's head there was a mirror, to throw the light down upon him. Crowds of the wicked and the wretched had been reflected in it, and had passed from its surface and this earth's together. About on a level with his eyes, there sat, in that corner of the judge's bench, two persons upon whom his look immediately rested ; so immediately, and so much to the changing of his aspect, that all the eyes that were turned upon him, turned to them.

The spectators saw in the two figures, a young lady of little more than twenty, and a gentleman who was evidently her father ; a man of a very remarkable appearance in respect of the absolute whiteness of his hair, and a certain indescribable intensity of face. His daughter had one of her hands drawn through his arm,

as she sat by him, and the other pressed upon it. She had drawn close to him, in her dread of the scene, and in her pity for the prisoner. This had been so very noticeable, so very powerfully and naturally shown, that starers who had had no pity for him were touched by her; and the whisper went about, "Who are they?"

Jerry the messenger, who had made his own observations in his own manner, stretched his neck to hear who they were. The crowd about him had passed the inquiry on to the nearest attendant, and at last it got to Jerry—

"Witnesses."

"For which side?"

"Against."

"Against what side?"

"The prisoner's."

The judge, whose eyes had gone in the general direction, recalled them, leaned back in his seat, and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

CHAPTER II

A DISAPPOINTMENT

Mr. Attorney-General had to inform the jury, that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That, it was certain the prisoner had been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That, Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and most honourable Privy Council. That, this patriot would be produced before them. That, his position and attitude were, on the whole, sublime. That, he had been the prisoner's friend, but,

at once, in an auspicious and an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom, on the sacred altar of his country. That, the lofty example of this unimpeachable witness for the Crown had communicated itself to the prisoner's servant, and had engendered in him a holy determination to examine his master's table-drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers. That, he (Mr. Attorney-General) was prepared to hear some disparagement attempted of this admirable servant; but that, in a general way, he honoured him more than his (Mr. Attorney-General's) father and mother. That, the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. That, these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting; but that it was all the same; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That, the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions, within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That, for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), and being a responsible jury (as *they* knew they were), must positively find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not. Mr. Attorney-General concluded with his solemn asseveration that he already considered the prisoner as good as dead and gone.

When the Attorney-General ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blue-flies were swarming about the prisoner, in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When it toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box.

Mr. Solicitor-General then, following his leader's lead, examined the patriot: John Barsad, gentleman, by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr. Attorney-General had described it to be—perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his

noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that a wigged gentleman with papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite, still looked at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it? No business of anybody's. Had he inherited it? Yes, he had. From whom? Distant relation. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtors' prison? Didn't see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtors' prison?—Come, once again. Never? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Of what profession? Gentleman? Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked downstairs? Decidedly not; once received a kick on the top of a staircase, and fell downstairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Swear it was not true? Positively. Ever live by cheating at play? Never. Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? No. Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists? Certain. Knew no more about the lists? No. Had not procured them himself, for instance? No. Expect to get anything by this evidence? No. Not in regular government pay and employmemt, to lay traps? Oh dear no. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism? None whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case at a great rate. He had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity, four years ago. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterwards. In arranging his clothes, while travelling, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen at Calais, and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne. He had never been suspected of stealing a silver tea-pot; he had been maligned respecting a

mustard-pot, but it turned out to be only a plated one. He had known the last witness seven or eight years; that was merely a coincidence. He didn't call it a particularly curious coincidence; most coincidences were curious.

The blue-flies buzzed again, and Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's Bank?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

"Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

"They did."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of these two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that."

"Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

"Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been—like myself—timorous of highwaymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr Lorry?"

"I certainly have seen that."

"Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterwards, and, at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet-ship in which I returned."

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"At a little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that hour?"

"He was."

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

"They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and I lay on a sofa, almost from shore to shore."

"Miss Manette!"

The young lady, to whom all eyes had been turned before, stood up where she had sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. His hurried right hand parcelled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden; and his efforts to control and steady his breathing, shook the lips from which the colour rushed to his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, sir."

'Where?"

"On board of the packet-ship just now referred to, sir, and on the same occasion."

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"

"Oh! most unhappily I am!"

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the judge, as he said, something fiercely, "Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Recall it."

In the midst of a profound stillness, she faintly began—

"When the gentleman came on board——"

"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the judge, knitting his brows.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father," turning her eyes lovingly to him as he stood beside her, "was much fatigued and in a very weak state of health. My father was so much reduced, that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbour. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"

"No."

"How many were with him?"

"Two French gentlemen."

"Had they conferred together?"

"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"

"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."

"Now, to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette."

"The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me—which arose out of my helpless situation—as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," bursting into tears, "I may not repay him by doing him harm to-day."

"Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly

understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give—and which you cannot escape from giving—with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on."

"He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had taken him to France, and might, at intervals, take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come."

"Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? be particular."

"He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. But it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time."

Mr. Attorney-General now signified to my lord, that he deemed it necessary, as a matter of precaution and form, to call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette. Who was called accordingly.

"Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you ever seen him before?"

"Once. When he called at my lodgings in London. Some three years, or three years and a half, ago."

"Can you identify him as your fellow-passenger on board the packet, or speak to his conversation with your daughter?"

"Sir, I can do neither."

"Is there any particular and special reason for your being unable to do either?"

He answered, in a low voice, "There is."

"Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment, without trial, or even accusation, in your native country, Doctor Manette?"

He answered, in a tone that went to every heart, "A long imprisonment."

"Were you newly released on the occasion in question?"

"They tell me so."

"Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

"None. My mind is a blank, from some time—I cannot even say what time—when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here."

Mr. Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down together.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand being to show that the prisoner went down, with some fellow-plotter untracked, in the Dover mail on that Friday night in November five years ago, and got out of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, but from which he travelled back some dozen miles or more, to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information; a witness was called to identify him as having been at the precise time required, in the coffee-room of a hotel in that garrison and dockyard town, waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness when the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again you are quite sure that it *was* the prisoner?"

The witness was quite sure.

"Did you ever see anybody very like the prisoner?"

Not so like (the witness said) as that he could be mistaken.

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend there," pointing to him who had tossed the paper over, "and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other?"

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise, not only the witness, but everybody present, when they were thus brought into comparison. My lord being prayed to bid my learned friend lay aside his wig, and giving no very gracious consent, the likeness became much more remarkable. My lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel) whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (name of my learned friend) for treason? But Mr. Stryver replied to my lord,

no ; but he would ask the witness to tell him whether what happened once, might happen twice ; whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner. The upshot of which, was to smash this witness like a crockery vessel, and shiver his part of the case to useless lumber.

Mr. Cruncher had now to attend while Mr. Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on the jury, like a compact suit of clothes ; showing them how the patriot, Barsad, was a hired spy and traitor. How the virtuous servant, Cly, was his friend and partner, and how the watchful eyes of those forgers and false swearers had rested on the prisoner as a victim, because some family affairs in France, he being of French extraction, did require his making those passages across the Channel—though what those affairs were, a consideration for others who were near and dear to him, forbade him, even for his life, to disclose. How the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady, whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed, came to nothing, involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young gentlemen and young lady so thrown together : with the exception of that reference to George Washington, which was altogether too extravagant and impossible, to be regarded in any other light than as a monstrous joke.

Mr. Stryver then called his few witnesses, and Mr. Cruncher had next to attend while Mr. Attorney-General turned the whole suit of clothes Mr. Stryver had fitted on the jury, inside out ; showing how Barsad and Cly were even a hundred times better than he had thought them, and the prisoner a hundred times worse. Lastly, came my lord himself, turning the suit of clothes, now inside out, now outside in, but on the whole decidedly trimming and shaping them into grave-clothes for the prisoner.

And now, the jury turned to consider, and the great flies swarmed again.

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changed neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. Yet he took in more of the details of the scene than he appeared to take in ; for now, when Miss Manette's head dropped upon her father's breast, he was the first to see it, and to say audibly

"Officer! look to that young lady. Don't you see she will fall!"

There was much commiseration for her as she was removed, and much sympathy with her father. It had evidently been a great distress to him, to have the days of his imprisonment recalled. As he passed out, the jury, who had turned back and paused a moment, spoke, through their foreman.

They were not agreed, and wished to retire. It began to be rumoured that the jury would be out a long while. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock, and sat down.

Mr. Lorry, who had gone out when the young lady and her father went out, now reappeared, and beckoned to Jerry: who, in the slackened interest, could easily get near him.

"Jerry, if you wish to take something to eat, you can. But keep in the way. You will be sure to hear when the jury come in. Don't be a moment behind them, for I want you to take the verdict back to the bank."

Jerry had just enough forehead to knuckle, and he knuckled it in acknowledgment of this communication and a shilling. Mr. Carton came up at the moment, and touched Mr. Lorry on the arm.

"How is the young lady?"

"She is greatly distressed; but her father is comforting her, and she feels better for being out of court."

"I'll tell the prisoner so. It won't do for a respectable bank gentleman like you, to be seen speaking to him publicly, you know."

Mr. Lorry reddened, as if he were conscious of having debated the point in his mind, and Mr. Carton made his way to the outside of the bar. The way out of court lay in that direction, and Jerry followed him, all eyes and ears.

"Mr. Darnay!"

The prisoner came forward directly.

"You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness, Miss Manette. She will do very well. You have seen the worst of her agitation."

"I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it. Could you tell her so for me, with my fervent acknowledgments?"

"Yes. I will, if you ask it."

Mr. Carton's manner was so careless as to be almost insolent.

"I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks."

"What," said Carton, "do you expect, Mr. Darnay?"

"The worst."

"It's the wisest thing to expect, and the likeliest. But I think their withdrawing is in your favour."

Loitering on the way out of court not being allowed, Jerry heard no more; but left them—so like each other in feature, so unlike each other in manner—standing side by side, both reflected in the glass above them.

An hour and a half limped heavily away in the thief-and-rascal-crowded passages below, even though assisted off with mutton pies and ale. The hoarse messenger, uncomfortably seated on a form after taking that reflection, had dropped into a doze, when a loud murmur and a rapid tide of people setting up the stairs that led to the court, carried him along with them.

"Jerry! Jerry!" Mr. Lorry was already calling at the door when he got there.

"Here, sir! It's a fight to get back again. Here I am, sir!"

Mr. Lorry handed him a paper through the throng. "Quick! Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir."

Hastily written on the paper was the word "ACQUITTED."

"If you had sent the message, 'Recalled to life,' again," muttered Jerry, as he turned, "I should have known what you meant, this time."

CHAPTER III

CONGRATULATORY

FROM the dimly-lighted passages of the court, the last sediment of the human stew that had been boiling there all day was straining off, when Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the

The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

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defence, and its counsel, Mr. Stryver, stood gathered around Mr. Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult by a far brighter light, to recognise in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Yet no one could have looked at him twice, without looking again: even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the mournful cadence of his low, grave voice, and to the abstraction that overclouded him fitfully, without any apparent reason. Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind, and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked.

Mr. Stryver still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group, "I am glad to have brought you off with honour, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, grossly infamous; but not the less likely to succeed on that account."

"You have laid me under an obligation to you for life—in two senses," said his late client, taking his hand.

"I have done my best for you, Mr. Darnay; and my best is as good as another man's, I believe."

It clearly being incumbent on somebody to say, "Much better," Mr. Lorry said it; perhaps not quite disinterestedly but with the interested object of squeezing himself back again.

"You think so?" said Mr. Stryver. "Well! you have been present all day, and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too."

"And as such," quoth Mr. Lorry, "I will appeal to Doctor Manette, to break up this conference, and order us all to our homes. Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day, we are worn out. Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all?" He asked her the question pointedly, and with a glance at her father.

His face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious

ook at Darnay; an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, not even unmixed with fear.

"My father," said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his.

He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

"Shall we go home, my father?"

With a long breath, he answered, "Yes."

Walking between her father and Mr. Darnay, Lucie Manette passed into the open air. A hackney-coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it. Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing-room. Another person, who had not joined the group, had silently strolled out after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

"So, Mr. Lorry! Men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now? If you knew what a conflict goes on in the business mind, when the business mind is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearances, you would be amused, Mr. Darnay."

Mr. Lorry reddened, and said warmly, "You have mentioned that before, sir. We men of business, who serve a house, are not our own masters. We have to think of the house more than ourselves. And, sir, if business imposes its restraints and its silences and impediments, Mr. Darnay as a young gentleman of generosity knows how to make allowance for that circumstance. Mr. Darnay, good-night. I hope you have been this day preserved for a prosperous and happy life.—Chair there!"

Perhaps a little angry with himself, as well as with the barrister, Mr. Lorry bustled into the chair, and was carried off to Tellson's. Carton, who did not appear to be quite sober, laughed then, and turned to Darnay—

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone here with your counterpart on these street stones?"

"I hardly seem yet," returned Charles Darnay, "to belong to this world again."

"I don't wonder at it; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly. Let us dine."

Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, and so, up a covered way

nto a tavern. Here, they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with dinner and good wine: while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him, and his half-insolent manner upon him.

"Do you feel, yet, that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay?"

"I am frightfully confused regarding time and place; but I am so far mended as to feel that."

"It must be an immense satisfaction! Why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay; why don't you give your toast?"

"What health? What toast?"

"Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be. I'll swear it's there."

"Miss Manette, then!"

"Miss Manette, then!"

Looking his companion full in the face while he drank the toast, Carton flung his glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces; then, rang the bell and ordered in another.

"That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by! How does it feel? Is it worth being tried for one's life, to be the object of such sympathy and compassion, Mr. Darnay?"

Darnay answered not a word.

"She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it her."

The allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this disagreeable companion had, of his own free-will, assisted him in the strait of the day. He turned the dialogue to that point, and thanked him for it.

"I neither want any thanks, nor merit any," was the careless rejoiner. "It was nothing to do, in the first place; and I don't know why I did it, in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question."

"Willingly, and a small return for your good offices."

"Do you think I particularly like you?"

"Really, Mr. Carton," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "I have not asked myself the question."

"But ask yourself the question now."

"You have acted as if you do; but I don't think you do."

"*I* don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued Darnay, rising to pull the bell, "there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning, and our parting without ill-blood on either side."

Carton rejoining, "Nothing in life!" Darnay rang.

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good-night. Without returning the wish, Carton rose too, with something of a threat of defiance in his manner, and said, "A last word, Mr. Darnay: you think I am drunk?"

"I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton."

"Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me."

"Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better."

"May be so, Mr. Darnay; may be not. Don't let your sober face elate you, however; you don't know what it may come to. Good-night!"

He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms, with his hair straggling over the table, and a long winding-sheet in the candle dripping down upon him.

CHAPTER IV

THE JACKAL

THOSE were drinking days, and most men drank hard. The learned profession of the law was certainly not behind any other learned profession in its Bacchanalian propensities; neither was Mr. Stryver, already fast shouldering his way to a large and lucrative practice, behind his compeers in this particular, any more than in the drier parts of the legal race.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together,

between Hilary term and Michaelmas, might have floated a king's ship. At last, it began to get about, among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.

"Ten o'clock, sir," said the man at the tavern, whom he had charged to wake him—"ten o'clock, sir."

"What do you mean? Oh! I remember. Very well, very well."

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, which the man dexterously combated by stirring the fire continuously for five minutes, he got up, tossed his hat on, and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and, having revived himself by twice pacing the pavements of King's Bench Walk and Paper Buildings, turned into the Stryver chambers.

The Stryver clerk, who never assisted at these conferences, had gone home, and the Stryver principal opened the door.

"You are a little late, Memory," said Stryver.

"About the usual time; it may be a quarter of an hour ater."

They went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers, where there was a blazing fire. A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons.

"Not much boiling down to be done to-night, Memory," said Mr. Stryver gaily, as he looked among his papers.

"How much?"

"Only two sets of them."

"Give me the worst first."

"There they are, Sydney. Fire away!"

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking-table, while the jackal sat at his own paper-bestrewn table proper, on the other side of it, with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand.

At length the jackal had got together a compact repast for the lion, and proceeded to offer it to him. The lion took it with care and caution, made his selections from it, and his remarks upon it, and the jackal assisted both.

"And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of

punch," said Mr. Stryver. "You were very sound in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told."

"I always am sound; am I not?"

"I don't gainsay it. What has roughened your temper? Put some punch to it and smooth it again."

With a deprecatory grunt, the jackal again complied.

"Pledge me to the pretty witness," said Stryver, holding up his glass. "Are you turned in a pleasant direction?"

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

"Pretty witness," he muttered, looking down into his glass. "I have had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night; who's your pretty witness?"

"The picturesque doctor's daughter, Miss Manette. Why, man alive, she was the admiration of the whole court!"

"Who made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty? She was a golden-haired doll!"

"Do you know, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face—"do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathised with the golden-haired doll, and were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll?"

"Quick to see what happened! If a girl, doll or no doll, swoons within a yard or two of a man's nose, he can see it without a perspective-glass. I pledge you, but I deny the beauty. And now I'll have no more drink; I'll get to bed."

When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle, to light him down the stairs, the day was coldly looking in through the grimy windows.

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of honourable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance. A moment, and it was gone. Climbing to a high chamber in a well of houses, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears.

Sadly, sadly, the sun rose; it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

CHAPTER V

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE

THE lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street not far from Soho Square. On a certain fine Sunday when four months had rolled over the trial for treason, Mr. Jarvis Lorry walked along the sunny streets on his way to dine with the doctor. Mr. Lorry often walked out, before dinner, with the doctor and Lucie. He was accustomed to be with them as the family friend, talking, reading, looking out of the window, and generally getting through the day; also he sometimes had his own little shrewd doubts to solve, and knew how the ways of the doctor's household pointed to that time as a likely time for solving them.

A quainter corner than the corner where the doctor lived, was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it.

Doctor Manette received such patients here as his old reputation brought him. His scientific knowledge and skill brought him into request, and he earned as much as he wanted.

These things were within Mr. Jarvis Lorry's thoughts when he entered the tranquil house in the corner, on the fine Sunday afternoon.

There were three rooms on a floor, and, the doors by which they communicated being put open that the air might pass freely through them all, Mr. Lorry, smilingly observant, walked from one to another. The first was the best room, and in it were Lucie's birds, and flowers, and books; the second was the doctor's consulting room; the third was the doctor's bedroom—and there, in a corner, stood the disused shoemaker's bench and tray of tools, much as it had stood on the fifth floor of the dismal house in Paris.

"I wonder," said Mr. Lorry, looking about, "that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings by him!"

"And why wonder at that?" was the inquiry from Miss Pross, whose acquaintance he had first made at the Royal George Hotel at Dover.

"As we happen to be alone," he said, "let me ask you—does the doctor never refer to the shoemaking time?"

"Never."

"And yet keeps both bench and tools beside him?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Pross, shaking her head. "But I don't say he don't refer to it within himself."

"Do you believe that he thinks of it much?"

"Ladybird thinks he is afraid of the whole subject," said Miss Pross sadly.

"Afraid?"

"It's plain enough, I should think, why he may be. Not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again."

It was a profounder remark than Mr. Lorry had looked for. "True," said he, "and fearful to reflect upon. Yet, a doubt lurks in my mind, Miss Pross, whether it is good for Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him."

"Can't be helped," said Miss Pross, shaking her head. "Touch that string, and he instantly changes for the worse. Sometimes, he gets up in the dead of night, and will be heard, by us overhead there, walking up and down in his room. Ladybird hurries to him, and they go walking up and down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself."

The corner had begun to echo so resoundingly to the tread of coming feet, that it seemed as though the mention of that pacing had set it going.

"Here they are!" said Miss Pross, rising to break up the conference; "now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon!"

Miss Pross took charge of the lower regions, and always acquitted herself marvellously. On Sundays, she dined at the doctor's table, and responding to Ladybird's pleasant face and pleasant efforts to please her, unbent exceedingly; so the dinner was very pleasant, too.

It was an oppressive day, and, after dinner, Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and they should sit there in the air where the

plane-tree whispered to them in its own way above their heads.

Still, the hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Darnay presented himself while they were sitting under the plane-tree, but he was only one.

Doctor Manette received him kindly, and so did Lucie. But Miss Pross suddenly retired into the house, afflicted with what she called in familiar conversation, "a fit of the jerks."

"Pray, Doctor Manette," said Mr. Darnay, as they sat under the plane-tree—in pursuit of the topic in hand, which happened to be the old buildings of London—"have you seen much of the Tower?"

"Lucie and I have been there; but only casually."

"*I* have been there, as you remember," said Darnay, with a smile. "They told me a curious thing when I was there."

"What was that?" Lucie asked.

"In making some alterations, the workmen came upon an old dungeon covered with inscriptions which had been carved by prisoners—dates, names, complaints, and prayers. Upon a corner stone one prisoner had cut three letters. They were done with some very poor instrument, and with an unsteady hand. They were read as D. I. G.; but at length, it was suggested that the letters were not initials, but the complete word, DIG. The floor was examined and, beneath a fragment of paving, were found the ashes of paper, mingled with the ashes of a small leathern bag. What the unknown prisoner had written will never be read, but he had hidden it away to keep it from the jailer."

"My father," exclaimed Lucie, "you are ill!"

He had suddenly started up, with his hand to his head. His manner quite terrified them all.

"No, my dear, not ill. There are large drops of rain falling, and they made me start. We had better go in."

He recovered himself almost instantly. Rain was really falling and he remarked to them that he was not yet proof against slight surprises and that it had startled him.

Tea-time, and Miss Pross making tea, with another fit of the jerks upon her, and yet no hundreds of people. Mr. Carton had lounged in, but he made only two. When

the tea-table was done with, they all moved to one of the windows, and looked into the heavy twilight.

"The raindrops are still falling, large, heavy, and few," said Doctor Manette. "It comes slowly."

"It comes surely," said Carton.

There was a great hurry in the streets, of people speeding away to get shelter before the storm broke.

"A multitude of people, and yet a solitude!" said Darnay, when they had listened for a while.

"Is it not impressive, Mr. Darnay?" asked Lucie. "Sometimes, I have sat here of an evening, until I have fancied the echoes to be the echoes of all the footsteps that are coming into our lives."

"There is a great crowd coming one day into our lives, if that be so," Sydney Carton struck in, "and I see them—by the lightning." There had been a vivid flash which had shown him lounging in the window.

"And I hear them!" he added, after a peal of thunder. "Here they come, fast, and furious!"

It was the rush and roar of rain that he typified, and it stopped him, for no voice could be heard. A memorable storm of thunder and lightning broke with that sweep of water, and there was not a moment's interval in crash, and fire, and rain, until after the moon rose at midnight.

The great bell of Saint Paul's was striking one in the cleared air, when Mr. Lorry set forth on his return passage to Clerkenwell.

"What a night it has been!" said Mr. Lorry. "Good-night, Mr. Carton. Good-night, Mr. Darnay. Shall we ever see such a night again, together!"

Perhaps. Perhaps see the great crowd of people with its rush and roar, bearing down upon them, too.

CHAPTER VI

MONSEIGNEUR IN TOWN

MONSEIGNEUR, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in

Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries to the crowd of worshippers in the suite of rooms without. It took four men, ablaze with decoration. to conduct his chocolate to Monseigneur's lips.

Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so impressible was Monseigneur, that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tiresome articles of state affairs and state secrets, than the needs of all France.

Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was, to let everything go on in its own way. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea, that the world was made for them. Yet, Monseigneur had slowly found that vulgar embarrassments crept into his affairs, both private and public; and he had, as to both classes of affairs, allied himself perforce with a farmer-general, because farmer-generals were rich, and Monseigneur, after generations of great luxury and expense, was growing poor. Hence, Monseigneur had taken his sister from a convent, and had bestowed her as a prize upon a very rich farmer-general, poor in family. Which farmer-general was now among the company in the outer rooms, looked down upon with the loftiest contempt by Monseigneur's friends.

Monseigneur having taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary and was seen no more.

There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

"I devote you," said this person, stopping at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the sanctuary, "to the devil!"

He went downstairs into the courtyard, got into his carriage, and drove away. Not many people had talked with him at the reception; he had stood in a little space apart, and Monseigneur might have been warmer in his manner. It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips, of the master. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped, but the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses bridles.

"What has gone wrong?" said monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, monsieur the marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Killed!" shrieked the tall man wildly extending both his arms at their length above his head, and staring at him. "Dead!"

The people closed round, and looked at monsieur the marquis.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle.

"I know all, I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so, than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the marquis smilingly. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the marquis, vendor of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vendor of wine," said the marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?"

Monsieur the marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing and had paid for it, when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage, and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said monsieur the marquis. "Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge the vendor of wine had stood, a moment before; but the wretched father was grovelling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark, stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the marquis, "I would ride over any of you very willingly. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage, he should be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, that not a voice, or a hand, was raised. But the woman who stood knitting steadily looked the marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it, and he leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word "Go on!"

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession. The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, while the woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate.

CHAPTER VII

MONSEIGNEUR IN THE COUNTRY

A BEAUTIFUL landscape, with the corn bright in it but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitutes for wheat. Monsieur the marquis in his travelling-carriage, conducted by four post-horses and two postillions, lagged up a steep hill. The sunset struck so brilliantly into the travelling-carriage when it gained the hill-top, that its occupant was steeped in crimson. "It will die out," said monsieur the marquis, glancing at his hands, "directly."

When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel, and the carriage slid downhill, the red glow departed quickly; the sun and the marquis going down together, there was no glow left when the drag was taken off. But there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a church tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it used as a prison.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, tannery, tavern, stable-yard for relays of post-horses, and fountain. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shredding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain, washing leaves, and grasses, and any such small small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten.

Heralded by a courier in advance, and by the cracking of his postillions' whips, monsieur the marquis drew up in his travelling-carriage at the posting-house gate. Monsieur the marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as the like of himself had drooped before Monsieur of the Court—only the difference was, that these faces drooped merely to suffer and not to propitiate—when a grizzled mender of the road joined the group.

"Bring me hither that fellow!" said the marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.

"I passed you on the road."

"Monseigneur, it is true."

"What did you look at, so fixedly?"

"Monseigneur, I looked at the man."

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage.

"What man, pig? And why look there?"

"Pardon, monseigneur; he swung by the chain."

"May the devil carry away these idiots! Who was he?"

"Your clemency, monseigneur! Of all the days of my life, I never saw him."

"Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?"

"With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, monseigneur. His head hanging over, all covered with dust, tall as a spectre!"

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd; but all eyes looked at monsieur the marquis.

"Truly, you did well," said the marquis, "to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle!"

Monsieur Gabelle was the postmaster, and some other taxing functionary, united; he had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination, and had held the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

"Bah! Go aside!" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle. Go on!"

The burst with which the carriage started out of the village and up the rise beyond, was soon checked by the steepness of the hill. Gradually, it subsided to a footpace, swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night which rose, as the rain falls, impartially, on the dusty, ragged, and toil-worn group at the fountain not far away; to whom the mender of roads

still enlarged upon his man like a spectre, as long as they could bear it.

The shadow of a large, high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon monsieur the marquis by that time; and as his carriage stopped, the great door of his chateau was opened to him.

"Monsieur Charles, whom I expect; is he arrived from England?"

"Monseigneur, not yet."

CHAPTER VIII

THE GORGON'S HEAD

It was a heavy mass of building, that chateau of monsieur the marquis, with a long stone courtyard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. Up the broad flight of shallow steps, monsieur the marquis went from his carriage. The great door clanged behind him, and monsieur the marquis crossed a hall, grim with old boar-spears, swords, and riding-whips, of which many a peasant had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Monsieur the marquis went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This thrown open, admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms: his bedchamber and two others. High vaulted rooms with cool uncarpeted floors, great dogs upon the hearths for the burning of wood in winter-time, and all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country.

"My nephew," said the marquis, glancing at the supper preparation; "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he; but he had been expected with monseigneur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night, nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour, monseigneur sat down alone to his sumptuous supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup, and was raising his

glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the chateau.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind monseigneur. He was to be told that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while, he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You have been a long time coming," said the marquis, with a smile.

"On the contrary; I came direct."

"Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by"—the nephew stopped a moment in his answer—"various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle.

"I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me."

"Not to death," said the uncle; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

"I doubt, sir," returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there."

"I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. "Dare I ask you to explain?"

"I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the Court, and had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a *lettre de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

"It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. "For the honour of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent; but we have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode, and the assertion of our station, in these days, might cause us real inconvenience."

"We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew gloomily,

" that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

" Let us hope so," said the uncle. " Detestation of the high, is the involuntary homage of the low. Meanwhile I will preserve the honour and repose of the family, if you will not. The family; our honourable family, whose honour is of so much account to both of us, in such different ways."

" This property and France are lost to me," said the nephew sadly. " I renounce them."

" Are they yours to renounce ? "

" If the property ever becomes mine, it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people suffer less; but it is not for me. There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

" And you ? " said the uncle. " Forgive my curiosity; how do you, under your new philosophy, graciously intend to live ? "

" I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day—work."

" In England, for example ? You know a compatriot who has found a refuge there ? A doctor ? "

" Yes."

" With a daughter ? "

" Yes."

" Yes," said the marquis. " A doctor with a daughter. You are fatigued. Good-night ! "

As he bent his head in his most courtly manner, there was a secrecy in his smiling face, and he conveyed an air of mystery to those words, which struck the eyes and ears of his nephew forcibly. It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stony face outside the chateau, as to interrogate that face of his. The nephew looked at him, in vain, in passing on to the door.

" I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose ! Light monsieur my nephew to his chamber there !—And burn monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will," he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

Leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he

let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and heard the night break its silence with a long sigh as he composed himself to sleep.

For three heavy hours, the stone faces of the chateau, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. Dead darkness lay on all the landscape, dead darkness added its own hush to the hushing dust on all the roads. The fountain in the village flowed unheard, and the fountain at the chateau dropped unseen—both melting away, like the minutes that were falling from the spring of Time—through three dark hours. Then the grey water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the chateau were opened.

Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow, the water of the chateau fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned. The chateau awoke later, to the ringing of the great bell, the running up and down the stairs, hurried figures on the terrace, and tramping here and there and everywhere.

What winds conveyed this hurry to the grizzled mender of roads, already at work on the hill-top beyond the village? The mender of roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for his life, down the hill, knee-high in dust, and never stopped until he got to the fountain.

All the people of the village were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner, and whispering low, but showing no other emotions than grim curiosity and surprise. Already, the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends, and was smiting himself in the breast with his blue cap. What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was), at a gallop?

It portended that there was one stone face too many, up at the chateau. It lay back on the pillow of monsieur the marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly startled, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled—

"*Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from* JACQUES."

CHAPTER IX

TWO PROMISES

More months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language who was conversant with French literature. In London, he had expected labour, and he found it, and did it, and made the best of it. In this, his prosperity consisted.

Now, from the days when it was always summer in Eden, to those days when it is mostly winter in fallen latitudes, the world of a man has invariably gone one way—Charles Darnay's way—the way of the love of a woman.

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice; he had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful, as hers when it was confronted with his own on the edge of the grave that had been dug for him. But he had not yet spoken to her on the subject; the assassination at the deserted chateau far away had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

It was again a summer day when, lately arrived in London from his college occupation, he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. He found the doctor reading in his armchair at a window. The energy which had once supported him under his old sufferings and aggravated their sharpness, had been gradually restored to him. He studied much, slept little, sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was equably cheerful. At sight of Charles Darnay, he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

"Charles Darnay! I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past."

"Miss Manette——"

"Is well," said the doctor, as he stopped short, "and

your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters, but will soon be home."

"Doctor Manette, I knew she was away from home. I took the opportunity of her being from home, to beg to speak to you."

There was a blank silence.

"Is Lucie the topic?"

"She is. Dear Doctor Manette, I love your daughter dearly, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world, I love her. You have loved yourself; let your old love speak for me!"

The doctor sat with his face turned away, and his eyes bent on the ground. At the last words, he stretched out his hand again, hurriedly, and cried—

"Not that, sir! Let that be! I adjure you, do not recall that!"

His chin dropped upon his hand, and his white hair overshadowed his face—

"Have you spoken to Lucie?"

"No."

"Nor written?"

"Never."

"It would be ungenerous to affect not to know that your self-denial is to be referred to your consideration for her father. Her father thanks you."

He offered his hand; but his eyes did not go with it.

"Dear Doctor Manette, I have forborne, and forborne as long as it was in the nature of man to do it. I have felt, and do even now feel, that to bring my love—even mine—between you, is to touch your history with something not quite so good as itself. But I love her!"

"You speak so feelingly and so manfully, Charles Darnay, that I thank you with all my heart. Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you?"

"None. As yet, none. I well understand that, without you, I could have no hope."

"If that be so, do you see what, on the other hand, is involved in it?"

"I understand equally well, that a word from her father in any suitor's favour, would outweigh herself and all the world. For which reason, Doctor Manette," said Darnay modestly but firmly "I would not ask that word, to save my life."

"I am sure of it. My daughter Lucie is, in this one respect, such a mystery to me; I can make no guess at the state of her heart. Charles Darnay, if there were any fancies, any reasons whatsoever, new or old, against the man she really loved—they should all be obliterated for her sake. She is everything to me; more to me than suffering, more to me than wrong, more to me——"

So strange was the way in which he faded into silence, and so strange his fixed looked that Darnay was at a loss.

"Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England."

"Stop!" said the doctor of Beauvais.

For an instant, the doctor even had his two hands at his ears; for another instant, even had his two hands laid on Darnay's lips.

"Tell me when I ask you, not now. If Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise?"

"Willingly."

"Give me your hand. She will be home directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go! God bless you!"

It was an hour later when Lucie came home; she hurried into the room and was surprised to find his reading-chair empty.

"My father!" she called to him. "Father dear!"

Nothing was said in answer, but she heard a low hammering sound in his bedroom. She looked in at his door and came running back frightened, crying to herself, with her blood all chilled, "What shall I do!"

Her uncertainty lasted but a moment; she hurried back, and tapped at his door, and softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they walked up and down together for a long time.

She came down from her bed, to look at him in his sleep that night. He slept heavily, and his tray of shoe-making tools, and his old unfinished work, were all as usual.

CHAPTER X

A FELLOW OF DELICACY

"SYDNEY," said Mr. Stryver, on that self-same night or morning, to his jackal, "mix another bowl of punch; I have something to say to you."

Sydney had been working double tides that night, and the night before, and the night before that and was none the livelier and none the soberer for so much application. It had taken a deal of extra wet-towelling to pull him through the night; a correspondingly extra quantity of wine had preceded the towelling; and he was in a very damaged condition.

"Are you mixing that other bowl of punch?" said Stryver the portly.

"I am."

"Now look here! I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you. I intend to marry."

"Do you? Who is she?"

"Guess."

"I am not going to guess, at five o'clock in the morning; if you want me to guess, you must ask me to dinner."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Stryver, coming slowly into a sitting posture. "you once mentioned the young lady to me in slighting terms."

"I did?"

"Certainly; and in these chambers."

Sydney Carton drank his punch and looked at his complacent friend.

"You made mention of the young lady as a golden-haired doll. The young lady is Miss Manette. If you had been a fellow of any delicacy of feeling in that kind of way, Sydney, I might have been a little resentful of your employing such a designation; but you are not. Now you know all about it, Syd," said Mr. Stryver. Are you astonished?"

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined, "Why should I be astonished?"

"Now, let me recommend you," pursued Stryver, "to look it in the face. I have looked it in the face, in my different way; look it in the face, you, in your different way. Marry. Find out some respectable woman with a little property, and marry her, against a rainy day. That's the kind of thing for *you*. Now, think of it, Sydney."

"I'll think of it," said Sydney.

Mr. Stryver, having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the doctor's daughter, it behoved him to present himself in Soho, and there declare his noble mind. His way taking him past Tellson's, and he both banking at Tellson's and knowing Mr. Lorry as the intimate friend of the Manettes, it entered Mr. Stryver's mind to enter the bank, and reveal to Mr. Lorry the brightness of the Soho horizon. So, he pushed open the door, got past the two ancient cashiers, and shouldered himself into the closet where Mr. Lorry sat.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Stryver. "How do you do? I hope you are well?"

"How do you do, Mr. Stryver? Can I do anything for you?"

"Why, no, thank you; this is a private visit to yourself, Mr. Lorry; I have come for a private word."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Lorry.

"I am going," said Mr. Stryver, "to make an offer of myself in marriage to your agreeable little friend Miss Manette, Mr. Lorry."

"Oh dear me!" cried Mr. Lorry, rubbing his chin, and looking at his visitor dubiously.

"Oh dear me, sir?" repeated Stryver, drawing back. "What may your meaning be, Mr. Lorry?"

"My meaning," answered the man of business, "is, of course, friendly and appreciative, and—in short, my meaning is everything you could desire. But—really, you know, Mr. Stryver——" Mr. Lorry paused.

"Well!" said Stryver, slapping the desk with his contentious hand, "D—n it all, sir! am I not eligible? Am I not prosperous?"

"Oh! if you come to prosperous, you are prosperous," said Mr. Lorry.

"And advancing?"

"If you come to advancing," said Mr. Lorry, "nobody can doubt that."

"Then what on earth is your meaning, Mr. Lorry?" demanded Stryver, perceptibly crestfallen.

"Well! I—— Were you going there now?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"Straight!" said Stryver.

"Then I think I wouldn't, if I were you. Because," said Mr. Lorry, "I wouldn't go on such an object without having some cause to believe that I should succeed."

"D—n ME!" cried Stryver, "but this beats everything."

Mr. Lorry glanced at the angry Stryver.

"When I speak of success, I speak of success with the young lady. The young lady goes before all."

"Then you mean to tell me, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, squaring his elbows, "that it is your deliberate opinion that the young lady at present in question is a mincing fool?"

"Not exactly so. I mean to tell you, Mr. Stryver," said Mr. Lorry, reddening, "that if I knew any man whose taste was so coarse, and whose temper was so overbearing, that he could not restrain himself from speaking disrespectfully of that young lady at this desk, not even Tellson's should prevent my giving him a piece of my mind. That is what I mean to tell you, sir. Pray let there be no mistake about it."

Mr. Stryver sucked the end of a ruler for a little while, and then broke the awkward silence by saying—

"This is something new to me, Mr. Lorry. You deliberately advise me not to go up to Soho and offer myself—*my*self, Stryver of the King's Bench Bar?"

"Do you ask for my advice, Mr. Stryver?"

"Yes, I do."

"Very good. Then I give it, and you have repeated it correctly."

"And all I can say of it is," laughed Stryver with a vexed laugh, "that this—ha, ha!—beats everything past, present and to come."

"Well, Mr. Stryver." pursued Mr. Lorry, "it might be painful to you to find yourself mistaken, it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit with you, it might be very painful to Miss Manette to have the task of being explicit with you. You know the terms

upon which I have the honour and happiness to stand with the family. If you please, committing you in no way, representing you in no way, I will undertake to correct my advice by the exercise of a little new observation and judgment expressly brought to bear upon it. What do you say?"

"How long would you keep me in town?"

"I could go to Soho this evening, and come to your chambers afterwards."

"Then I say yes," said Stryver: "I am not so hot upon it as that comes to; I say yes, and I shall expect you to look in to-night. Good-morning."

Then Mr. Stryver turned and burst out of the bank, causing such a concussion of air on his passage through, that to stand up against it bowing behind the two counters, required the utmost remaining strength of the two ancient clerks.

The barrister was keen enough to divine that the banker would not have gone so far in his expression of opinion on any less solid ground than moral certainty. Unprepared as he was for the large pill he had to swallow, he got it down.

Accordingly, when Mr. Lorry called that night as late as ten o'clock, Mr. Stryver showed surprise, and was altogether in an absent and preoccupied state.

"Well!" said that good-natured emissary, "I have been to Soho."

"To Soho?" repeated Mr. Stryver coldly. "Oh, to be sure! What am I thinking of!"

"And," said Mr. Lorry, "My opinion is confirmed, and I reiterate my advice."

"I assure you," returned Mr. Stryver, in the friendliest way, "that I am sorry. I know this must always be a sore subject with the family; let us say no more about it."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Lorry.

"I dare say not," rejoined Stryver, nodding his head in a smoothing and final way; "no matter, no matter."

"But it does matter," Mr. Lorry urged.

"No, it doesn't; I assure you it doesn't. Young women have committed similar follies often before, and have repented them in poverty and obscurity. I am glad

that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view—it is hardly necessary to say I could have gained nothing by it. There is no harm at all done. And I am really very much obliged to you for allowing me to sound you, and for giving me your advice. Make the best of it, my dear sir," said Stryver; "thank you again for allowing me to sound you; good night!"

Mr. Lorry was out in the night, before he knew where he was. Mr. Stryver was lying back on his sofa, winking at his ceiling.

CHAPTER XI

THE FELLOW OF NO DELICACY

If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose lounger there. Yet he cared something for the streets that environed that house. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there, when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him, and of late, the neglected bed in the Temple Court had known him more scantily than ever.

On a day in August, Sydney's feet took him to the doctor's door. He was shown upstairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. Looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few commonplaces, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton!"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health."

"Is it not—forgive me—a pity to live no better life

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes.

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily. She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been held.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton?" she said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears, "Can I turn it to no good account for yourself.?"

"No, Miss Manette, to none. All you can ever do for me is done. Since I knew you, I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent for ever; all a dream, that ends in nothing, but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think! Try again!"

"No, Miss Manette; all through it, I have known myself to be quite undeserving. The utmost good that I am capable of now, I have come here to realise. Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life, the remembrance that I opened my heart to you, last of all the world. Will you let me believe, when I recall this day, that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your innocent breast, and that it will be shared by no one?"

"If that will be a consolation to you, yes."

"Not even by the dearest one ever to be known to you?"

"Mr. Carton," she answered, after an agitated pause, "the secret is yours, not mine; and I promise to respect it."

"Thank you. And God bless you."

He put her hand to his lips, and moved towards the door. He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away, that Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her.

"Be comforted!" he said. "I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. The last supplication I make to you is, that you will believe this of me. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do anything; embrace any sacrifice. The time will come when new ties will be formed about you. Oh, Miss Manette, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you!"

He said, "Farewell!" said a last "God bless you!" and left her.

CHAPTER XII

THE HONEST TRADESMAN

To the eyes of Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher, sitting on his stool in Fleet Street with his grisly urchin beside him, a vast number and variety of objects in movement were every day presented. It fell out that he was thus engaged when an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet street westward, attracted his attention.

"Young Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, turning to his offspring, "it's a buryin'."

"Hooroar, father!" cried young Jerry.

The young gentleman uttered this exultant sound with mysterious significance. The elder gentleman took the cry so ill, that he watched his opportunity, and smote the young gentleman on the ear.

"What d'ye mean? What are you hooroaring at? This boy is a-getting too many for *me*!" said Mr. Cruncher, surveying him. "Get atop of that there seat, and look at the crowd."

His son obeyed, and the crowd approached; they were

bawling and hissing round a dingy hearse and mourning-coach, in which there was only one mourner, dressed in the dingy trappings that were considered essential to the dignity of the position.

Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr. Cruncher, and he asked of the first man who ran against him—

"What is it, brother? What's it about?"

"I don't know," said the man. "Spies Yaha Tst! Spies!"

He asked another man better informed and learned that the funeral was the funeral of one Roger Cly.

"Why, to be sure!" exclaimed Jerry, recalling the trial at which he had assisted. "I've seen him. Dead, is he?"

"Dead as mutton," returned the other, "and can't be too dead. Pull 'em out, there! Spies!"

The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent absence of any idea, that the crowd caught it up with eagerness, and mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they came to a stop. The tradesmen hurriedly shut up their shops; for a crowd in those times stopped at nothing, and was a monster much dreaded. They had already got the length of opening the hearse to take the coffin out, when some brighter genius proposed instead, its being escorted to its destination amidst general rejoicing. This suggestion, too, was received with acclamation, and the coach was immediately filled while many people got on the roof of the hearse. Jerry Cruncher himself, modestly concealing his spiky head from the observation of Tellson's, in the farther corner of the mourning-coach.

The officiating undertakers made some protest against these changes in the ceremonies; but the protest was faint and brief. The remodelled procession started, with a chimney-sweep driving the hearse, and with a pieman driving the mourning-coach.

Thus, the disorderly procession went its way. Its destination was the old church of Saint Pancras, far off in the fields. It got there in course of time, and finally accomplished the interment of the deceased Roger Cly highly to its own satisfaction.

The dead man disposed of, another brighter genius conceived the humour of impeaching casual passers-by as Old Bailey spies, and wreaking vengeance on them. At

last, after several hours, a rumour got about that the Guards were coming. Before this rumour, the crowd gradually melted away, and perhaps the Guards came, and perhaps they never came, and this was the usual progress of a mob.

Mr. Cruncher did not assist at the closing sports. He procured a pipe from a neighbouring public-house, and smoked it, looking in at the railings and maturely considering the spot.

"Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, apostrophising himself in his usual way, "you see that there Cly that day, and you see with your own eyes that he was a young un and a straight made un."

He turned himself about, that he might appear, before the hour of closing, on his station at Tellson's, and made a short call upon a distinguished surgeon on his way back.

The bank closed, the usual watch was set, and Mr. Cruncher and his son went home to tea.

"Now, I tell you where it is!" said Mr. Cruncher to his wife, on entering. "If, as a honest tradesman, my wenturs goes wrong to-night, I shall make sure that you've been praying agin me, and I shall work you for it just the same as if I seen you do it."

The dejected Mrs. Cruncher shook her head.

"You are going out to-night?" asked his decent wife.

"Yes, I am."

"May I go with you, father?" asked his son briskly.

"No, you mayn't. I'm a-going—as your mother knows—a-fishing. That's where I'm going to."

"Shall you bring any fish home, father?"

"If I don't, you'll have short commons to-morrow," returned that gentleman, shaking his head; "that's questions enough for you; I ain't a-going out, till you've been long abed."

He devoted himself during the remainder of the evening to keeping a most vigilant watch on Mrs. Cruncher, and sullenly holding her in conversation that she might be prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage.

Thus the evening wore away until young Jerry was ordered to bed, and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, obeyed them. Mr. Cruncher did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Towards that small

and ghostly hour, he took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cupboard, and brought forth a sack, a crowbar of convenient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in a skilful manner, he extinguished the light, and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a feint of undressing when he went to bed, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness he followed out into the streets. Impelled by a laudable ambition to study the art and mystery of his father's honest calling, young Jerry held his honoured parent in view. The honoured parent had not gone far, when he was joined by another disciple of Izaak Walton, and they trudged on together.

Within half an hour from the first starting, they were out upon a lonely road. Another fisherman was picked up here and the three went on, and young Jerry went on, until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall surmounted by an iron railing. Crouching down in a corner, the next object that young Jerry saw, was the form of his honoured parent nimbly scaling an iron gate.

It was now young Jerry's turn to approach the gate: which he did, holding his breath. Crouching down again in a corner there, and looking in, he made out the three fishermen creeping through some rank grass; and all the gravestones in the churchyard looking on like ghosts in white, while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far, before they stopped and stood upright. And then they began to fish.

They fished with a spade, at first. Presently the honoured parent appeared to be adjusting some instrument like a great corkscrew. Whatever tools they worked with, they worked hard, until the awful striking of the church clock so terrified young Jerry, that he made off, and never stopped until he had run a mile or more.

He would not have stopped then, for anything less necessary than breath, it being a spectral sort of race that he ran, and one highly desirable to get to the end of. He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him, laughing. It got into the shadows on the road, and lay cunningly on its back to trip him up. All this time,

it was hopping on behind him, and even followed him upstairs, and bumped down, dead and heavy, on his breast when he fell asleep.

From his oppressed slumber, young Jerry in his closet was awakened before sunrise, by the presence of his father in the family room. Something had gone wrong with him; at least, so young Jerry inferred, from the circumstance of his holding Mrs. Cruncher by the ears, and knocking the back of her head against the head-board of the bed.

"I told you I would," said Mr. Cruncher, "and I did."

"Jerry, Jerry, Jerry!" his wife implored.

"You oppose yourself to the profit of the business," said Jerry, "and me and my partners suffer. You was to honour and obey. Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the wital subject of his business?"

"You hadn't taken to the dreadful business then, Jerry."

"It's enough for you," retorted Mr. Cruncher, "to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and let his trade alone altogether. Call yourself a religious woman? If you're a religious woman, give me a irreligious one!"

There was no fish for breakfast, and not much of anything else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper, and kept an iron pot-lid by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher, in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying grace.

Young Jerry, walking with the stool under his arm at his father's side along crowded Fleet Street, was a very different young Jerry from him of the previous night, running home through the darkness and solitude from his grim pursuer.

"Father," said young Jerry, taking care to keep at arm's length and to have the stool well between them, "what's a resurrection-man?"

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered, "How should I know?"

"I thought you knowed everything, father," said the artless boy.

"Hem! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher, going on again, and lifting off his hat to give his spikes free play "he's a tradesman."

"Oh, father, I should like to be a resurrection-man when I'm growed up!"

Mr. Cruncher was soothed, but shook his head in a dubious way. "It depends upon how you dewelop your talents. Be careful never to say more than you can help to nobody, and there's no telling what you may not come to be fit for." As young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself, "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

CHAPTER XIII

KNITTING

THERE had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning, sallow faces peeping through its barred windows had descried other faces within, bending over measures of wine. This had been the third morning in succession on which there had been early drinking at the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. Notwithstanding an unusual flow of company, the master of the wine-shop was not visible. He was not missed; nobody asked for him, nobody wondered to see only Madame Defarge in her seat, with a bowl of battered small coins before her,

A suspended interest and a prevalent absence of mind were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine-shop. Games at cards languished, drinkers drew figures on the tables with spilt drops of wine, Madame Defarge herself picked out the pattern on her sleeve with her toothprick, and saw something invisible a long way off.

It was high noontide, when two men, all adust and athirst, entered the wine-shop. One was Monsieur Defarge, the other a mender of roads in a blue cap.

"Good day, gentlemen! It is bad weather," said Defarge, shaking his head.

Upon which, every man looked at his neighbour, and then all cast down their eyes and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

"My wife," said Defarge aloud, addressing Madame Defarge; "I have travelled certain leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. I met him—by accident—a day and a half's journey out of Paris. Give him to drink, my wife!"

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the mender of roads called Jacques, who doffed his blue cap to the company, and drank. A third man got up and went out.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine, and stood waiting until the countryman had made his breakfast.

"Have you finished your repast, friend?" he asked, in due season.

"Yes, thank you."

"Come then! You shall see the apartment that I told you you could occupy."

Out of the wine-shop into the street, up a steep staircase, into a garret—formerly the garret where a white-haired man had sat, making shoes. No white-haired man was there now; but the three men were there who had gone out of the wine-shop singly. Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a subdued voice—

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five!"

"I saw him then, messieurs," began the mender of roads, "a year ago beneath the carriage of the marquis, hanging by the chain."

Jacques One asked if he had ever seen the man before?

"Never," answered the mender of roads.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterwards recognised him then?

"By his tall figure," said the mender of roads. "The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden, but at last he is unluckily found."

"I am again at work upon the hillside, and the sun is again about to go to bed, when I see coming over the hill.

six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound—tied to his sides, like this!"

With the aid of his cap, he represented a man with his elbows bound fast at his hips, with cords that were knotted behind him.

"I stand aside, messieurs, by my heap of stones, to see the soldiers and their prisoner pass, and when they are quite near to me, I recognise the tall man, and he recognises me. 'Come on!' says the chief of that company, pointing to the village, 'bring him fast to his tomb!' and they bring him faster. I follow. They take him past the mill, and up to the prison; all the village sees the prison gate open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him—like this!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth.

"I make a circuit by the prison, on my way to my work. There, I see him, high up, behind the bars of a lofty iron cage, bloody and dusty as last night, looking through.

Defarge and the three glanced darkly at one another.

"Go on, Jacques," said Defarge.

"He remains up there in his iron cage, some days. They whisper at the fountain that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition has been presented to the king himself. What do I know? It is possible."

"A petition was indeed presented to the king and queen," said Jacques One.

"At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, come soldiers from the prison. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, and in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high. At midday, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is hanged there forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water."

They looked at one another, and he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the perspiration had started while he recalled the spectacle.

"That's all, messieurs. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do), and I walked on, until I met (as I

was warned I should) this comrade. And here you see me!"

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said, "Good! You have acted faithfully. Will you wait for us a little, outside the door?"

"Willingly," said the mender of roads.

"How say you, Jacques?" demanded Number One. "To be registered?"

"To be registered, as doomed to destruction, the chateau and all the race," returned Defarge. "Extermination."

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register? Shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted, in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives, to erase himself from existence, than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge."

CHAPTER XIV

STILL KNITTING

"SAY then, my friend; what did Jacques of the police tell thee?"

It was Madame Defarge spoke to her husband.

"Very little to-night, but all he knows. There is another spy commissioned for our quarter."

"Eh, well!" said Madame Defarge, "It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man?"'

"He is English."

"So much the better. His name?"

"John Barsad," said Defarge, making it French by pronunciation.

"John Barsad," repeated madame, after murmuring it once to herself. "Good. His appearance; is it known?"

"Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; generally rather handsome visage; expression, sinister."

"Eh, my faith. It is a portrait!" said madame, laughing. "He shall be registered to-morrow."

Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and she now and then glanced at the flower with her usual preoccupied air. There were a few customers drinking or not drinking, standing or seated, sprinkled about. A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge which she felt to be a new one. She laid down her knitting, and began to pin her rose in her head-dress, before she looked at the figure.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop.

"Good-day, madame," said the new-comer.

"Good day, monsieur."

She said it aloud, but added to herself, as she resumed her knitting, "Hah! age about forty, height about five feet nine, black hair, generally rather handsome visage, complexion dark, a sinister expression! Good day."

"Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac, madame."

It was remarkable; but the taste of Saint Antoine seemed to be decidedly opposed to a rose on the head-dress of Madame Defarge. Two men had entered separately, and had been about to order drink, when, catching sight of that novelty, they faltered, made a pretence of looking about as if for some friend who was not there, and went away. Nor, of those who had been there when this visitor entered, was there one left. They had all dropped off. The spy had kept his eyes open, but had been able to detect no sign. They had lounged away in a manner quite natural and unimpeachable.

"JOHN," thought madame, checking off her work as her fingers knitted, and her eyes looked at the stranger. "Stay long enough, and I shall knit 'BARSAD' before you go."

"Business seems bad?"

"Business is very bad; the people are so poor."

"Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed too—as you say."

"As *you* say," madame retorted, correcting him, and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.

"Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course."

"*I* think?" returned madame, in a high voice. "I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine-shop open, without thinking. All we think, here, is how to live. Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge.

As the keeper of the wine-shop entered at the door, the spy saluted him by touching his hat, and saying, with an engaging smile, "Good day, Jacques!" Defarge stopped short, and stared at him.

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine-shop. "You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge."

"It is all the same," said the spy airily, but discomfited too; "good day!"

"Good day!" answered Defarge drily.

"They tell me there is—and no wonder!—much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard."

"No one has told me so," said Defarge, shaking his head; "I know nothing of it."

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter, and stood looking at the person whom either of them would have shot with the greatest satisfaction.

"The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me," pursued the spy, "that I have the honour of cherishing some interesting associations with your name."

"Indeed?" said Defarge, with much indifference.

"Yes, indeed. When Doctor Manette was released, you, his old domestic, had the charge of him, I know."

"Such is the fact, certainly," said Defarge.

"Very interesting!" said the spy. "I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England. You don't hear much about them now?"

"No," said Defarge. "We received the news of their

safe arrival, but since then, they have taken their road in life—we ours."

"Perfectly so," replied the spy. "She is going to be married."

After sipping his cognac to the end, he added—

"Yes, Miss Manette is going to marry the nephew of monsieur the marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet; in other words, the present marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay."

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had a palpable effect upon her husband. Having made, at least, this one hit, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had drunk, and took his leave.

"Can it be true," said Defarge, in a low voice, "what he has said of Ma'amselle Manette?"

"As he has said it," returned madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, "it is probably false. But it may be true."

"If it does come, while we live to see it triumph—I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France."

"Her husband's destiny," said Madame Defarge, "will lead him to the end that is to end him."

"But it is very strange," said Defarge, "that, after all our sympathy for monsieur her father and herself, her husband's name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment."

"Stranger things than that will happen when it does come," answered madame. She rolled up her knitting, and took the rose out of the handkerchief that was wound about her head. Shortly afterwards the wine-shop recovered its habitual aspect.

In the evening, at which season of all others, Saint Antoine turned out, and sat on doorsteps for a breath of air, Madame Defarge with her work in her hand was accustomed to pass from group to group: a missionary such as the world will do well never to breed again Her husband smoked at his door, looking after her with admiration. "A great woman," said he, "a strong woman."

Darkness closed around, and then came the ringing of church bells and the distant beating of the drums of the Royal Guard, as the women sat knitting, knitting. Dark-

ness encompassed them as they their very selves were closing in around a structure yet unbuilt, where they were to sit knitting, knitting, counting dropping heads.

CHAPTER XV

THE MARRIAGE DAY

NEVER did the sun go down with a brighter glory on the quiet corner of Soho, than one memorable evening when the doctor and his daughter sat under the plane-tree together. Lucie was to be married to-morrow. She had reserved this last evening for her father, and they sat alone under the plane-tree.

"You are happy, my dear father?"

"Quite, my child."

"Dearest dear! Can you tell me, this last time, that you feel quite, quite sure no new affections of mine, and no new duties of mine, will ever interpose between us?

Her father answered, with a cheerful firmness of conviction he could scarcely have assumed, "Quite sure, my darling! More than that," he added, as he tenderly kissed her: "my future is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage, than it could have been—nay, than it ever was, without it. Your unselfishness cannot entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this; but only ask yourself, how could my happiness be perfect, while yours was incomplete?"

He embraced her, and humbly thanked heaven for having bestowed her on him. By and by, they went into the house.

There was no one bidden to the marriage but Mr. Lorry; there was even to be no bride's-maid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it by taking to themselves the upper rooms, and they desired nothing more.

Doctor Manette was very cheerful at the little supper. They were only three at table, and Miss Pross made the

third. He regretted that Charles was not there, and drank to him affectionately.

* * * * *

The marriage day was shining brightly, and they were ready outside the closed door of the doctor's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church; the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross.

"And so," said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride, and who had been moving round her to take in every point of her pretty dress—"and so it was for this, my sweet Lucie, that I brought you across the Channel, such a baby! Lord bless me!"

The door of the doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale—which had not been the case when they went in together—that no vestige of colour was to be seen in his face. He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her downstairs to the chariot which Mr. Lorry had hired in honour of the day. The rest followed in another carriage, and soon, in a neighbouring church, where no strange eyes looked on, Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette were happily married.

They returned home to breakfast, and in due course the golden hair that had mingled with the poor shoemaker's white locks in the Paris garret, mingled with them again in the morning sunlight, on the threshold of the door at parting.

It was a hard parting, though it was not for long. But her father cheered her, and said at last, gently disengaging himself from her enfolding arms, "Take her, Charles! She is yours!"

Her agitated hand waved to them from a chaise window, and she was gone.

Mr. Lorry observed a great change to have come over the doctor. He had naturally repressed much, and some revulsion might have been expected in him when the occasion for repression was gone. But it was the old scared lost look that troubled Mr. Lorry; and his absent manner of clasping his head and wandering away into his own room.

"I think," he whispered to Miss Pross, after anxious consideration—"I think we had best not speak to him

just now, or at all disturb him. I must look in at Tellson's; so I will go there at once and come back presently."

It was easier for Mr. Lorry to look in at Tellson's, than to look out of Tellson's. He was detained two hours. When he came back, he ascended the old staircase alone, having asked no question of the servant; going thus into the doctor's rooms, he was stopped by a low sound of knocking.

"Good God!" he said, with a start. "What's that?"

Miss Pross, with a terrified face, was at his ear. "O me!" cried she, wringing her hands. "He doesn't know me, and is making shoes!"

Mr. Lorry said what he could to calm her, and went himself into the doctor's room. The bench was turned towards the light, as it had been when he had seen the shoemaker at his work before, and his head was bent down, and he was very busy.

"Doctor Manette. My dear friend, Doctor Manette!"

The doctor looked at him for a moment inquiringly and bent over his work again.

"But, Doctor Manette. Look at me!"

He obeyed, in the old mechanically submissive manner, without pausing in his work.

"You know me, my dear friend? This is not your proper occupation."

Nothing would induce him to speak. He worked, and worked in silence, and words fell on him as they would have fallen on the air.

Two things at once impressed themselves on Mr. Lorry, as important above all others: the first, that this must be kept secret from Lucie; the second, that it must be kept secret from all who knew him. In conjunction with Miss Pross, he took immediate steps towards the latter precaution, by giving out that the doctor was not well, and required a few days of complete rest. In aid of the kind deception to be practised on his daughter, Miss Pross was to write, describing his having been called away professionally. These measures, advisable to be taken in any case Mr. Lorry took in the hope of his coming to himself.

Doctor Manette took what was given him to eat and drink, and worked on until it was too dark to see. He paced up and down for a long time before he lay down; but when he did finally lay himself down, he fell asleep.

In the morning, he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's hope darkened, and his heart grew heavier every day. With a hope ever darkening, Mr. Lorry passed through this anxious time. The secret was well kept, and Lucie was unconscious and happy; but he could not fail to observe that the shoemaker, whose hand had been a little out at first, had never been so nimble and expert as he was in the dusk of the ninth evening.

CHAPTER XVI

AN OPINION

Worn out by anxious watching, Mr. Lorry fell asleep at his post. On the tenth morning of his suspense he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had overtaken him when it was dark night.

He roused himself; but doubted, when he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For, going to the door of the doctor's room, and looking in, he perceived that the shoemaker's bench and tools were put aside again, and that the doctor sat reading at the window, in his usual morning dress, his face calmly studious and attentive.

Within a few minutes, Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. He advised that they should meet the doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred. Therefore, when the breakfast was cleared away, and he and the doctor were left together, Mr. Lorry said feelingly—

"My dear Manette, I am anxious to have your opinion, in confidence, on a very curious case in which I am deeply interested; it is the case of a particularly dear friend of mine. Pray give your mind to it, and advise me well for his sake—and above all, for his daughter's."

"If I understand," said the doctor, in a subdued tone "some mental shock——"

"Yes!"

"Be explicit," said the doctor. "Spare no detail."

Mr. Lorry saw that they understood one another, and proceeded.

"My dear Manette, it is the case of an old shock, of great severity, to the mind. It is the case of a shock from which the sufferer recovered so completely as to be once more a highly intelligent man. But, unfortunately, there has been," he paused and took a deep breath—"a slight relapse."

The doctor, in a low voice, asked, "Of how long duration?"

"Nine days and nights."

"How did it show itself? I infer," glancing at his hands, "in the resumption of some old pursuit connected with the shock?"

"That is the fact."

"Does his daughter know of the relapse?"

"No. It has been kept from her, and is known only to myself, and to one other who may be trusted."

The doctor grasped his hand, and murmured, "That was very kind, very thoughtful!"

"Now, my dear Manette," said Mr. Lorry, at length, "I am a mere man of business, and unfit to cope with such difficult matters. Tell me, how does this relapse come about? Is there danger of another? Could a repetition of it be prevented? What can I do for my friend?"

Doctor Manette sat meditating after these earnest words were spoken, and Mr. Lorry did not press him.

"I think it probable," said the doctor, breaking silence with an effort, "that the relapse you have described, my dear friend, was not quite unforeseen by its subject."

"Was it dreaded by him?" Mr. Lorry ventured to ask.

"Very much. You have no idea how such an apprehension weighs on the sufferer's mind, and how difficult it is for him to utter a word upon the topic."

"Now," said Mr. Lorry, gently laying his hand on the doctor's arm, after a short silence on both sides, "to what would you refer this attack?"

"I believe," returned Doctor Manette, "that there had been a strong revival of the train of thought that was the first cause of the malady. Some intense associations of a most distressing nature were vividly recalled, I think. As to the future, I should have great hope. As it pleased

Heaven in its mercy to restore him so soon, I should hope that the worst was over."

"Well, well! That's good comfort. I am thankful!" said Mr. Lorry.

"I am thankful!" repeated the doctor, bending his head with reverence.

"There is one other point," said Mr. Lorry. "The occupation resumed under the influence of this affliction, we will call—blacksmith's work. We will say that he had been used in his bad time to work at a little forge. Is it not a pity that he should keep it by him?"

The doctor shaded his forehead with his hand, "You see," he said, after an uneasy pause, "it is very hard to part with such an old companion."

"I would not keep it," said Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. "I would recommend him to sacrifice it. I only want your authority."

"Then," said the Doctor, "let it bei removed when he is not there; let him miss his old compan,on after an absence."

Mr. Lorry readily engaged for that and the conference was ended.

On the night of the day on which he left the house, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoemaker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle as if she were assisting at a murder. So wicked do destruction and secrecy appear to honest minds, that Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross, while engaged in the commission of their deed and in the removal of its traces, almost felt, and looked, like accomplices in a horrible crime.

CHAPTER XVII

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS

A WONDERFUL corner for echoes, that corner where the doctor lived. Ever busily weaving the service of her happy influence through the tissue of all their lives, and making it predominant nowhere, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly and soothing sounds.

Her husband's step was strong and prosperous among them ; her father's firm and equal. Little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the tongues of the two cities that were blended in her life.

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he would sit among them through the evening as he had once done often. He never came there heated with wine.

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law, like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water, and dragged his useful friend in his wake, like a boat towed astern. Stryver was rich ; had married a florid widow with property and three boys, who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads.

These were among the echoes to which Lucie, sometimes pensive, sometimes amused and laughing, listened in the echoing corner, until her little daughter was six years old. How near to her heart the echoes of her child's tread came, and those of her father's, always active and self-possessed, and those of her husband's, need not be told.

But there were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner all through this space of time. And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising.

On a night in mid-July, Mr. Lorry came in late, from Tellson's, and sat himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot, wild night, and they were all three reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

" I began to think," said Mr. Lorry, pushing his brown wig back, " that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. There is such an uneasiness in Paris, that we have actually a run of confidence upon us ! "

" That has a bad look," said Darnay.

" Where is Manette ? "

" Here he is ! " said the doctor, entering.

" You are not going out, I hope ? "

" No ; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like," said the doctor.

" I don't think I do like, if I may speak my mind. I

have been so put out all day, and I am not as young as I was! My tea, my dear? Thank ye. Now; come and take your place in the circle, and let us sit quiet, and hear the echoes about which you have your theory. They are very loud, are they not? Only hear them!"

Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life, the footsteps raging in Saint Antoine afar off, as the little circle sat in the dark London window.

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air, the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon that was thrown up from below.

Who gave them out, no eye in the throng could have told; but muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that ingenuity could devise. Every pulse and heart was at high-fever heat. Every living creature held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

All this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gun-powder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, laboured and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge "Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of the women, by and by."

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!"

With a roar the living sea rose, wave on wave, and overflowed the city to that point. Through the fire and smoke Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, drawbridge, stone walls, towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! in the name of all the angels or the devils—which you prefer—work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, at his gun.

A white flag from within the fortress . . .

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"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill cry, trooping women, all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but still the deep ditch, the drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighbouring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown hot by the service of four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, a parley and Defarge of the wine-shop was swept over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone walls, in among the great towers surrendered!

Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of a man with a grey head, who had a lighted torch in his hand.

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went, with all the speed they could make. The turnkey stopped at a low door, swung it slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in—

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower!"

There was a heavy-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There were a stool, and table, and a straw bed, four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

"Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them," said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

"Stop!—Look here, Jacques!"

"A. M.!" croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

"Alexandre Manette," said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his swart forefinger. "What is that in your hand? A crowbar? Give it me!"

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand.

He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the worm-eaten stool and table, beat them to pieces with a few blows.

"Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So! Light them, you!"

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the court-yard. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer, there was but one quite steady figure, and that was a woman's. "See, there is my husband!" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge!" She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that she put her foot upon his neck, and hewed off his head.

The blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down—down on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville where the governor's body lay. The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes rolled on with faces hardened in the furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

But in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups—each seven in number—so fixedly contrasting with the rest, that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high overhead: all scared, wondering and amazed; seven faces there were, carried higher, seven dead faces, yet with a suspended—not an abolished—expression on them; as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes, and bear witness with the bloodless lips, "THOU DIDST IT!"

CHAPTER XVIII

DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK

THREE more birthdays of little Lucie had been woven by the golden thread into the life of her home. Many a night and day had its inmates listened to the echoes in the corner, with hearts that failed them when they heard the thronging feet. For the footsteps had become to their minds as the footsteps of a people, tumultuous under a red flag, changed into wild beasts, by terrible enchantment. Royalty was gone, and Monseigneur was by this time scattered far and wide.

As was natural, the headquarters and great gathering-place of Monseigneur in London, was Tellson's Bank. Those nobles who had seen the coming storm in time, and, anticipating plunder or confiscation, had made provident remittances to Tellson's, were always to be heard of there by their needy brethren. To which it must be added that every new-comer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson's, almost as a matter of course. For such variety of reasons, Tellson's was at that time, as to French intelligence, a kind of high exchange.

On a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low voice. "I must still suggest to you——" said Charles Darnay, hesitating.

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of travelling, a city that may not even be safe for you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch some of the reasons for my going: not for my staying away. As to the uncertain travelling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay restlessly. "Only last night, after you had left us, when I was talking to Lucie——"

"When you were talking to Lucie," Mr. Lorry repeated. "I wonder you are not ashamed to mention the name of Lucie! Wishing you were going to France at this time of day!"

"However, I am not going," said Charles Darnay, with a smile. "It is more to the purpose that you say you are."

"And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles," Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant house, and lowered his voice, "you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. And shall I hang back, when Tellson's knows this and says this—Tellson's whose bread I have eaten these sixty years—because I am a little stiff about the joints?"

"How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry."

"Tut! Nonsense, sir!—And, my dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, glancing at the house again, "you are to remember, that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. At another time, our parcels would come and go, as easily as in business-like Old England; but now, everything is stopped."

"And do you really go to-night?"

"I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay. I intend to take Jerry. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being anything but an English bulldog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at anybody who touches his master."

This dialogue had taken place at Mr. Lorry's usual desk, with Monseigneur swarming within a yard or two of it, boastful of what he would do to avenge himself on the rascal-people before long.

Among the talkers was Stryver, of the King's Bench Bar, far on his way to state promotion, and, therefore, loud on the theme. Him, Darnay heard with a particular feeling of objection; stood divided between going away that he might hear no more, and remaining to interpose his word, when the house approached Mr. Lorry, and laying a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed? The house laid the letter down so close

to Darnay that he saw the direction—the more quickly, because it was his own right name. The address, turned into English, ran: "Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evrémonde, of France. Confided to the cares of Messrs. Tellson and Co., Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning, Doctor Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of this name should be—unless he, the doctor, dissolved the obligation—kept inviolate between them.

"No," said Mr. Lorry, in reply to the house; "I have referred it, I think, to everybody now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found."

The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the bank, there was a general set of the current of talkers past Mr. Lorry's desk. He held the letter out inquiringly; all had something disparaging to say concerning the marquis who was not to be found.

"Nephew, I believe, of the polished marquis who was murdered," said one. "Infected with the new doctrines, abandoned the estates when he inherited them, and left them to the ruffian herd. They will recompense him now, I hope, as he deserves."

"Hey?" cried the blatant Stryver. "Did he though? D—n the fellow!"

Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, touched Mr. Stryver on the shoulder, and said—

"I know the fellow."

"Do you, by Jupiter?" said Stryver. "I am sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Why, Mr. Darnay? I am sorry to hear you putting any such extraordinary questions. Here is a fellow who, infected by the most blasphemous code of devilry that ever was known, abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale, and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? Well, but I'll answer you. I am sorry, because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That's why."

With those words, and a final snap of his fingers, Mr. Stryver shouldered himself into Fleet Street, amidst the

general approbation of his hearers. Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk, in the general departure from the bank.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry.

"I will do so. Do you start for Paris from here?"

"From here, at eight."

"I will come back, to see you off."

Very ill at ease, Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents:—

"PRISON OF THE ABBAYE, PARIS.
"*June* 21, 1792.

"MONSIEUR HERETOFORE THE MARQUIS,—

"I have been seized, with great violence and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. My house has been destroyed.

"The crime for which I am imprisoned, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your generous help), is, they tell me treason against the majesty of the people, in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against according to your commands. The only response is, that I have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?

"For the love of Heaven, of justice, of the honour of your noble name, I supplicate you, heretofore the marquis, to succour me. My fault is, that I have been true to you.

"From this prison of horror, whence I every hour tend nearer to destruction, I send you, monsieur heretofore the marquis, the assurance of my unhappy service.

"Your afflicted
"GABELLE."

The uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him reproachfully in the face, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do. He had oppressed no man, he was so far from having harshly

exacted payment of his dues, that he had relinquished them of his own will. Monsieur Gabelle had held the impoverished and involved estate on written instructions to spare the people, to give them what little there was to give, and no doubt he had put the fact in plea and proof, for his own safety.

This favoured the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make, that he would go to Paris.

Everything that arose before his mind drifted him on, more and more steadily, to the terrible attraction. His latent uneasiness had been, that bad aims were being worked out in his own unhappy land by bad instruments, and that he who could not fail to know that he was better than they, was not there, trying to do something to stay bloodshed, and assert the claims of mercy and humanity. Upon this had followed Gabelle's letter: the appeal of an innocent prisoner, in danger of death, to his justice, honour, and good name.

His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

Yes. The Loadstone Rock was drawing him, and he must sail on, until he struck.

As he walked to and fro with his resolution made, he considered that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone. Lucie should be spared the pain of separation; and her father, always reluctant to turn his thoughts towards the dangerous ground of old, should come to the knowledge of the step, as a step taken, and not in the balance of suspense and doubt.

He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Tellson's and take leave of Mr. Lorry. He would say nothing of his intention now.

A carriage with post-horses was ready at the bank door, and Jerry was booted and equipped.

"I have delivered that letter," said Charles Darnay to Mr. Lorry. "I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take a verbal one?"

"That I will, and readily," said Mr. Lorry.

"It is to a prisoner in the Abbaye. Gabelle."

"Gabelle. And what is the message?"

"Simply, 'that he has received the letter, and will start upon his journey to-morrow night.'"

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of

coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old bank, into the misty air of Fleet Street. "My love to Lucie, and to little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry at parting, "and take precious care of them until I come back."

That night—it was the fourteenth of August—he sat up late, and wrote two fervent letters; one was to Lucie explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris, and showing her, at length, the reasons that he had for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to the doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest assurances. To both, he wrote that he would despatch letters in proof of his safety immediately after his arrival. He left his two letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner; took horse for Dover; and began his journey. "For the love of Heaven, of justice, of the honour of your noble name!" was the poor prisoner's cry with which he strengthened his sinking heart, as he left all that was dear on earth behind him, and floated away for the Loadstone Rock.

Book the Third
THE TRACK OF A STORM

CHAPTER I

IN SECRET

The traveller fared slowly on his way, who fared towards Paris from England in the autumn of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. Every town gate had its band of citizen-patriots, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or sent them on, as their capricious judgment or fancy deemed best for the dawning Republic one and indivisible, of liberty, equality, fraternity, or death.

This universal watchfulness retarded Darnay's progress twenty times in a day. He had been days upon his journey, when he went to bed tired out, in a little town on the high-road, still a long way from Paris.

He was surprised to find himself awakened in the middle of the night by a timid local functionary and three armed patriots in rough red caps and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

"Emigrant," said the functionary, "I am going to send you on to Paris, under an escort."

"Citizen, I desire nothing more than to get to Paris, though I could dispense with the escort."

"Silence!" growled a red-cap. "Peace, aristocrat!"

"It is as the good patriot says," observed the timid functionary. "You are an aristocrat, and must have an escort—and must pay for it. Rise and dress yourself, emigrant."

Darnay complied, and was taken back to the guard-house where he paid a heavy price for his escort and

started with it on the wet roads at three o'clock in the morning.

The escort were two mounted patriots in red caps and tri-coloured cockades, who rode one on either side of him. The escorted governed his own horse, but a loose line was attached to his bridle, the end of which one of the patriots kept round his wrist.

Charles Darnay did not allow the restraint that was laid upon him to awaken any serious fears in his breast; but when they came to the town of Beauvais he could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming. An ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount at the posting-yard, and many voices in it called out loudly, "Down with the emigrant!"

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle, and, resuming it as his safest place, said—

"Emigrant, my friends! Do you not see me here, in France, of my own will?"

"You are a cursed traitor," cried a farrier, making at him in a furious manner.

"Friends, you deceive yourselves. I am not a traitor."

"He lies!" cried the smith. "He is a traitor since the decree. His life is forfeit to the people."

At the instant when Darnay saw a rush in the eyes of the crowd, the postmaster turned his horse into the yard, and barred the crazy double gates.

"What is this decree that the smith spoke of?" Darnay asked the postmaster.

"Truly, a decree banishing all emigrants, and condemning all to death who return. That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own."

They rested on some straw in a loft until the middle of the night, and then rode forward again. Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.

"Where are the papers of this prisoner?" demanded a resolute-looking man in authority.

One of the drunken patriots had them in his cap, and produced them. Casting his eyes over Gabelle's letter, the same personage in authority showed some disorder and surprise, looked at Darnay with close attention, and went into the guard-room. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the

gate was held by a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, from which egress, even for the homeliest people, was very difficult. A numerous medley of men and women was waiting to issue forth ; but the previous identification was so strict that they filtered through the barrier very slowly.

When he had sat in his saddle some half-hour, Darnay found himself confronted by the same man in authority, who directed the guard to open the barrier. He accompanied his conductor into a guard-room, where some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse, dark aspect, presided over these.

"Citizen Defarge," said he to Darnay's conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on. "Is this the emigrant Evrémonde ?"

"This is the man."

"Your age, Evrémonde ?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Married, Evrémonde ?"

"Yes."

"Where is your wife, Evrémonde ?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. You are consigned, Evrémonde, to the prison of La Force."

"Just Heaven !" exclaimed Darnay. "Under what law, and for what offence ?"

The officer looked up from his slip of paper for a moment.

"We have new laws, Evrémonde, and new offences, since you were here."

Defarge motioned to the prisoner that he must accompany him. The prisoner obeyed.

"My name is Defarge," said his escort, "and I keep a wine-shop in the quarter Saint Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me."

"My wife came to your house to reclaim her father ?"

The word "wife" seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Defarge, to say with sudden impatience, "In the name of La Guillotine, why did you come to France ?"

"You heard me say why, a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth ?"

"A bad truth for you," said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows.

"Indeed, I am lost here. Will you answer me a single

question? In this prison that I am going to so unjustly, shall I have some free communication with the world outside?"

"You will see. Other people have been similarly buried in worse prisons, before now."

Defarge glanced darkly at him.

"It is of the utmost importance to me that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson's bank, an English gentleman who is now in Paris, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me?"

"I will do," Defarge doggedly rejoined, "nothing for you."

Charles Darnay felt it hopeless to entreat him further, and his pride was touched besides. As they walked on in silence, he could not but see how used the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children scarcely noticed him. That he had fallen among far greater dangers than those which had developed themselves when he left England, he of course knew now. That perils had thickened about him fast, and might thicken faster and faster yet, he of course knew now. Of unjust treatment in detention and hardship, and in cruel separation from his wife and child, he foreshadowed the likelihood, or the certainty. Beyond this, he dreaded nothing distinctly, but with this on his mind, which was enough to carry into a dreary prison courtyard, he arrived at the prison of La Force.

A man with a bloated face opened the strong wicket, to whom Defarge presented "the emigrant Evrémonde."

"What the devil! How many more of them!" exclaimed the man with the bloated face.

Defarge took his receipt and withdrew.

"In secret, too," grumbled the jailer, "as if I was not already full to bursting!"

Charles Darnay awaited his pleasure, for half an hour: sometimes pacing to and fro in the strong arched room: sometimes resting on a stone seat.

"Come!" said the chief, at length taking up his keys, "come with me, emigrant."

Through the dismal prison twilight, his new charge accompanied him until they came into a large, low, vaulted chamber, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The crowning unreality of his long unreal ride, was, their all

at once rising to receive him, with every refinement of manner known to the time.

Charles Darnay seemed to stand in a company of the dead. Ghosts all! The ghost of beauty, the ghost of stateliness, the ghost of youth, the ghost of age, all waiting their dismissal from the desolate shore, struck him motionless.

"In the name of the assembled companions in misfortune," said a gentleman of courtly appearance and address, coming forward, "I have the honour of giving you welcome to La Force, and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us. But I hope," following the chief jailer with his eyes, "that you are not in secret?"

"I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so."

"Ah, what a pity! We so much regret it!"

There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay crossed the room. He turned at the grated door, to render the thanks of his heart; it closed under the jailer's hand; and the apparitions vanished from his sight for ever.

The wicket opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps, they passed into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp, but was not dark.

"Yours," said the jailer.

"Why am I confined alone?"

"How do I know!"

"I can buy pen, ink, and paper?"

"At present, you may buy your food, and nothing more."

There were in the cell, a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. When the jailer was gone, he thought, "Now am I left, as if I were dead."

"Five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half." The prisoner walked to and fro and the roar of the city arose with a wild swell of voices.

"Five paces by four and a half." The prisoner walked faster and faster, obstinately counting and counting; and the roar of the city still rolled in like muffled drums, but with the wail of voices that he knew, in the swell that rose above them.

CHAPTER II

THE GRINDSTONE

TELLSON'S Bank, established in the Saint Germain quarter of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. Mr. Jarvis Lorry sat by a newly lighted wood fire, and on his honest and courageous face there was a deeper shade than the pendent lamp could throw—a shade of horror.

He occupied rooms in the bank, in his fidelity to the house of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root-ivy. On the opposite side of the courtyard was an extensive standing for carriages. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great flaring flambeaux, and, in the light of these, standing out in the open air, was a large grindstone. Rising and looking out of the window at these harmless objects, Mr. Lorry shivered, and retired to his seat by the fire.

"Thank God," said Mr. Lorry, clasping his hands, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night."

Soon afterwards, the bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back!" and sat listening. But there was no loud irruption into the courtyard, as he had expected, and he heard the gate clash again, and all was quiet.

Suddenly his door opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father!

"What is this?" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What has happened? What has brought you here?

In her paleness and wildness, Lucie panted out in his arms imploringly, "O my dear friend! Charles!"

"What of Charles?"

"Here, in Paris. He has been here some days—he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison."

The old man uttered a cry. A loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the courtyard.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out Manette, for your life, don't touch the blind!"

The doctor turned, and said, with a cool, bold smile—

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. What is that noise?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. "No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!" He got his arm round her, and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. What prison is he in?"

"La Force!"

"La Force! Lucie, my child, compose yourself now, to do exactly as I bid you. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are life and death in the world, you must not delay."

"I will be submissive to you. I know you are true."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key; then came hurrying back to the doctor, opened the window and looked out with him into the courtyard. Looked out upon a throng of men and women, forty or fifty in all. They had rushed in to work at the grindstone; such awful workers, and such awful work! Their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. The eye could not detect one creature in the group free from the smear of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening stone, were men stripped to the waist, with the stain all over their limbs and bodies. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched them from the stream of sparks and tore away into the streets, the same red hue was red in their eyes.

They drew back from the window, and the doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face.

"They are," Mr. Lorry whispered the words, "murdering the prisoners. If you really have the power you think you have, make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It may be too late!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand and was in the court-

yard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind. For a few moments there was a pause, and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, hurried out with cries of " Live the Bastille prisoner ! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force ! " and a thousand answering shouts.

He hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her.

O that long, long night, with no return of her father and no tidings ! Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate sounded, and the eruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered. Twice more in all ; but the last spell of work was feeble and fitful. Soon afterwards the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand, and cautiously looked out again. The great grindstone, Earth, had turned, and the sun was red on the courtyard. But the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

CHAPTER III

THE SHADOW

Noon coming, and the doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry consulted with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term, in that quarter, near the banking-house. Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one, to which he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross : giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had himself.

He was again alone in his room when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments a man stood in his presence, who addressed him by his name.

" Your servant," said Mr. Lorry.

" I come from Doctor Manette."

. . . he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl . . .

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Defarge gave into his hand a scrap of paper. It bore the words in the doctor's writing—

"Charles is safe, but I cannot safely leave this place yet. I have obtained the favour that the bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let the bearer see his wife."

Mr. Lorry put on his hat and they went down into the courtyard. There, they found a woman knitting.

"Does madame go with us?" inquired Mr. Lorry.

"Yes. That she may be able to recognise the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety."

Beginning to be struck by Defarge's manner, Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him and led him away.

They found Lucie weeping, alone. She was thrown into a transport by the tidings Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that delivered his note.

"DEAREST.—Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this. Kiss our child for me."

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it, that she turned from Defarge to his wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. But the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

"My dear," said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain; "Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect, to the end that she may know them—that she may identify them. You had better have the dear child here, and our good Pross."

The lady in question appeared with folded arms, and observed Madame Defarge.

"Is that his child?" said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time.

"Yes, madame," answered Mr. Lorry; "this is our poor prisoner's only child."

"It is enough, my husband," said Madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

But the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress—

"For my sake, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake!"

Madame Defarge looked coldly at the suppliant, and said, "The wives and mothers we have been used to see, have not been greatly considered. All our lives, we have seen our sister-women suffer, in themselves and in their children, poverty, sickness, oppression and neglect of all kinds. We have borne this a long time. Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now?"

She resumed her knitting and went out. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

"Courage, my dear Lucie," said Mr. Lorry. "Courage, courage! So far all goes well with us. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart."

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon him, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

CHAPTER IV

CALM IN STORM

Doctor Manette did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. To Mr. Lorry, the doctor communicated under an injunction of secrecy on which he had no need to dwell, that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. where he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought. Presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and an unaccused prisoner in the Bastille. One of the body sitting in judgment had risen and identified him, this man was Defarge.

Thereupon he had ascertained that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners, and had pleaded hard to the Tribunal for his life and liberty. In the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a notable sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been accorded to him to have Charles Darnay brought before the lawless court, and examined. Darnay had seemed on the point of being

released at once, when the tide in his favour met with some unexplained check which led to a few words of secret conference. The man sitting as president had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody; but he, the doctor, so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son-in-law was, through no malice or mischance, delivered to the concourse whose murderous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings, that he had obtained the permission, and had remained in that hall of blood until the danger was over.

The sights he had seen there, with brief snatches of food and sleep by intervals, shall remain untold.

For the first time the doctor felt that his suffering was strength and power. "It all tended to a good end, my friend; it was not mere waste and ruin. As my beloved child was helpful in restoring me to myself, I will be helpful now in restoring the dearest part of herself to her; by the aid of Heaven I will do it!"

Greater things than the doctor had at that time to contend with, would have yielded before his persevering purpose. He used his personal influence so wisely, that he was soon the inspecting physician of three prisons, including La Force. He could now assure Lucie that her husband was no longer confined alone, and brought sweet messages to her. But though he tried hard, and never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him. The new era began; the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded. One hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the figure of La Guillotine. It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented the hair from turning grey, it was the national razor which shaved close. It superseded the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied. It sheared off heads so many, that it, and the ground it most polluted, were a rotten red.

Among these terrors, and the brood belonging to them, the doctor walked with a steady head, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last. Yet the current

of the time swept by, so strong and deep, and carried the time away so fiercely, that Charles had lain in prison one year and three months when the doctor was thus steady and confident. No man better known than he, in Paris at that day. His skill, the appearance and the story of the bastille captive, removed him from all other men. He was not suspected or brought in question, any more than if he had indeed been recalled to life some eighteen years before.

CHAPTER V

THE CARMAGNOLE

One year and three months. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. She did not greatly alter in appearance. She lost her colour, and the old intent expression was a constant, not an occasional, thing; otherwise, she remained very pretty and comely.

They had not made the round of their changed life, many weeks, when her father said to her, on coming home one evening—

"My dear, there is an upper window in the prison, to which Charles can sometimes gain access at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stood in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child, and even if you could, it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition."

"Oh, show me the place my father, and I will go there every day."

From that time, in all weathers, she waited there two hours. When it was not too wet or inclement for her child to be with her, they went together; but she never missed a single day.

It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street. The hovel of a cutter of wood into lengths for burning was the only house at that end; all else was wall.

In all weathers, Lucie passed two hours of every day at this place. Her husband saw her (so she learned from her father) it might be twice or thrice running: it might be, not for a week or a fortnight together.

On a lightly-snowing afternoon in December, she arrived at the usual corner. It was a day of some wild festival. The miserable shop of the wood-sawyer was shut. Presently she heard a troubled movement and a shouting coming along, which filled her with fear. A moment afterwards, a throng of people came pouring round the corner by the prison wall. There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. At first, they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woollen rags; but as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad arose among them. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fallen sport—a something, once innocent, delivered over to all devilry. Such grace as was visible in it made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become.

This was the Carmagnole. As it passed, leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the doorway of the wood-sawyer's house, the feathery snow fell and lay as white and soft, as if it had never been.

"O my father!" for he stood before her when she lifted up the eyes she momentarily darkened with her hand; "such a cruel, bad sight."

"I know, my dear, I know. Give me your arm, my love. Pass from here with an air of cheerfulness and courage, for his sake. That was well done"; they had left the spot; "it shall not be in vain. Charles is summoned for to-morrow."

"For to-morrow!"

"I am well prepared. I have timely information. You are not afraid?"

She could scarcely answer, "I trust in you."

"Do so, implicitly. Your suspense is nearly ended, my darling."

He stopped. There was a heavy lumbering of wheels

within hearing. They both knew too well what it meant. One. Two. Three. Three tumbrils faring away with their dread loads over the hushing snow.

"I must see Lorry," the doctor repeated, turning her another way.

The staunch old gentleman was still in his trust; had never left it. Who could that be with Mr. Lorry—the owner of the riding-coat upon the chair—who must not be seen? From whom newly arrived, did he come out, agitated and surprised, to take his favourite in his arms? To whom did he appear to repeat her faltering words, when, raising his voice and turning his head towards the door of the room from which he issued, he said, "Removed to the Conciergerie, and summoned for to-morrow?"

CHAPTER VI

TRIUMPH

THE dread Tribunal sat every day. Lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the jailers of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard jailer-joke was, "Come out and listen to the evening paper, you inside there!"

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay!"

So, at last, began the evening paper at La Force. The list was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the massacre; every human creature he had since cared for and parted with, had died on the scaffold.

The passage to the Conciergerie was short and dark; the night in its vermin-haunted cells was long and cold. Next day, fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned. His judges sat upon the Bench in feathered hats.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an emigrant whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of death.

The president asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England ?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then ? What did he call himself ?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law. He had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

What proof had he of this ?

He handed in the names of two witnesses : Théophile Gabelle and Alexandre Manette.

He had married in England ?

A citizeness of France ?

Her name and family ?

" Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there."

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the well-known good physician rent the hall.

The president asked why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner ?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic ?

The populace cried enthusiastically, " No ! "

The president required the name of that citizen. The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the president.

The doctor had taken care that it should be there—had assured him that it would be there—and at this stage

of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression; but, as he proceeded, as he showed that the accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment; that, the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile; that, so far from being in favour with the aristocratic government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and friend of the United States, the jury and the populace became one. The former declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes if the president were content to receive them.

At every vote the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favour, and the president declared him free.

No sooner was the acquittal pronounced, than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time, and such fraternal embraces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him, that after his long and unwholesome confinement he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion.

His removal, to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these caresses for the moment, but when he and Doctor Manette emerged from the gate, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in court—except two, for which he looked in vain. On his coming out, the concourse made at him anew, weeping, embracing, and shouting. They put him into a great chair they had among them, and which they had taken either out of the court itself, or one of its rooms or passages. In wild dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and pointing him out, they carried him into the courtyard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before, to prepare Lucie, and when her husband stood upon his feet, she dropped insensible in his arms.

As he held her to his heart, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly all the rest fell to dancing. Then, swelling and overflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's bank, and over the bridge, the

Carmagnole absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the doctor's hand, as he stood victorious before him, grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who came panting in breathless, kissing little Lucie, and embracing the faithful Pross he took his wife in his arms and carried her up to their rooms.

"Lucie! My own! I am safe."

"Speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast as she had laid his poor head on her own breast, long, long ago. He was happy in the return he had made her, recompensed for his suffering, proud of his strength. "You must not be weak, my darling," he remonstrated; "don't tremble so. I have saved him."

CHAPTER VII

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

"I HAVE saved him." It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

Her father, cheering her, showed a compassionate superiority to this woman's weakness, which was wonderful to see. No garret, no shoemaking, no One Hundred and Five, North Tower, now! His promise was redeemed, he had saved Charles. Let them all lean upon him.

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose eyes were red with felicity. "There's all manner of things wanted, and we shall have a precious time of it. Now, Ladybird, never you stir from that fire till I come back!"

They went out, leaving Lucie, and her husband, her father, and the child, by a bright fire. All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that?" she cried, all at once, her face pale. "I thought, my father, that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as death."

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

"O father, father. What can this be! Hide Charles. Save him!"

"My child," said the doctor, rising and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "I *have* saved him."

He took the lamp in his hand and crossed the two intervening outer rooms. A rude clattering of feet over the floors, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

"The Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay," said one.

"Who seeks him?" answered Darnay.

"We seek him. I know you, Evrémonde. You are again the prisoner of the Republic."

The four surrounded him, where he stood with his wife and child clinging to him.

"Tell me how and why am I again a prisoner?"

"It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie, and will know to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow."

Dr. Manette, confronted the speaker, and taking him, not ungently, by the loose front of his red woollen shirt, said—

"Will you answer his question to me? How does this happen?"

"Citizen doctor," said the man reluctantly, "He is accused by the section of Saint Antoine."

"Of what?" asked the doctor.

"Citizen doctor, ask no more."

"One word," the doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"Well! Truly it is against rule. But he is denounced —and gravely—by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other."

"What other?"

"Do *you* ask, citizen doctor?"

"Yes."

"Then," said he, with a strange look, "you will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb!"

CHAPTER VIII

A HAND AT CARDS

HAPPILY unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets, reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side. She bethought herself of the wine they wanted. After peeping into several wine-shops, she stopped at the sign of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the National Palace. It had a quieter look than any other place of the same description they had passed, and, though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. The two outlandish customers approached the counter, and showed what they wanted.

As their wine was measuring out, a man parted from another man in a corner, and rose to depart. In going, he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her, than Miss Pross uttered a scream, and clapped her hands.

In a moment, the whole company were on their feet in the firm belief that someone was being assassinated, but only saw a man and woman standing staring at each other; the man with all the outward aspect of a thorough Republican; the woman, evidently English.

"What is the matter?" said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream, speaking in a vexed abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

"Oh, Solomon, my brother!" cried Miss Pross, bursting into tears.

"Hold your meddlesome tongue," said Solomon, "and come out, if you want to speak to me. Who's this man?"

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head said, through her tears, "Mr. Cruncher."

"Let him come out, too," said Solomon. "Does he think me a ghost?"

Apparently, Mr. Cruncher did, to judge from his looks. He said not a word, however.

"Now," said Solomon, stopping at the dark street corner, "what do you want?"

Miss Pross only shook her head and wept in silence.

At this point Mr. Cruncher, touching Solomon on the shoulder, hoarsely interposed with the following singular question—

"I say! Might I ask the favour? As to whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John? Come. She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And regarding that name of Pross, likewise. That warn't your name over the water. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What was you called at that time?"

"Barsad," said another voice, striking in.

"That's the name!" cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in was Sydney Carton. He stood at Mr. Cruncher's elbow as negligently as he might have stood at the old Bailey itself.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry's, to his surprise, yesterday evening; we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere unless I could be useful; I present myself here, to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish for your sake Mr. Barsad was not a sheep of the prisons."

Sheep was a cant word of the time for a spy, under the jailers. The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared—

"I'll tell you," said Sydney. "I lighted on you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie an hour or more ago. You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well. I walked into the wine-shop here, close after you, and sat near you. And gradually, what I had done at random, seemed to shape itself into a purpose, Mr. Barsad. Could you favour me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company—at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance?"

"I'll hear what you have got to say. Yes, I'll go with you."

"I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to

the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. Are we ready? Come then!"

They left her at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry's, which was within a few minutes' walk.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

"Miss Pross's brother, sir," said Sydney. "Mr. Barsad."

"Witness at that trial." Mr. Lorry immediately remembered, and regarded his new visitor with an undisguised look of abhorrence.

"Mr. Barsad has been recognised by Miss Pross as her affectionate brother," said Sydney. "I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed, "What do you tell me! I left him safe and free within these two hours, and am about to return to him!"

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, sir," said Sydney, "and I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend and brother sheep over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place. I trust, that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow as to-day. I own to you, I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent this arrest. In short," said Sydney, "this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the doctor play the winning game; I will play the losing one. Now, the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend I purpose to myself to win, is Mr. Barsad."

"You need have good cards, sir," said the spy.

"I'll run them over. Mr. Barsad," he went on, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards: "sheep of the prisons, always spy and secret informer, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That's a very good card. Mr. Barsad was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and Freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay

of the aristocratic English government, is the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom. I play my ace, Denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest section committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry."

It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine-shop. He always remembered with fear and trembling, that that terrible woman had knitted when he talked with her and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her, in the section of Saint Antoine, over and over again produce her knitted registers, and denounce people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew, as every one employed as he was did, that he was never safe ; that flight was impossible ; once denounced, he foresaw that the dreadful woman of whose unrelenting character he had seen many proofs, would produce against him that fatal register, and would quash his last chance of life. Here were surely cards enough of one black suit, to justify the holder in growing rather livid as he turned them over.

"You scarcely seem to like your hand," said Sydney, with the greatest composure. "I play my ace, Mr. Barsad, without any scruple, in a very few minutes."

"I should have hoped, gentlemen both," said the spy, always striving to hook Mr Lorry into the discussion, "that your respect for my sister——"

"I could not better testify my respect for your sister than by finally relieving her of her brother," said Carton. "And indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here, not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow-sheep, who was he?"

"French. You don't know him," said the spy.

"French, eh?" muttered Sydney retrospectively. "It can't—be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner, I thought?"

"Provincial," said the spy.

"No. Foreign!" cried Carton, striking his open hand on the table, as a light broke clearly on his mind. "Cly!

Disguised, but the same man. We had that man before us at the old Bailey."

"Now, there you are hasty, sir," said Barsad. "Cly has been dead several years. He was buried in London, at the church of Saint Pancras-in-the-Fields."

Here Mr. Lorry became aware, from where he sat, of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall. Tracing it to its source, he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head.

"Let us be reasonable," said the spy. "To show you how mistaken you are I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial, which I happen to have carried in my pocket-book," with a hurried hand he produced and opened it, "ever since. There it is; it's no forgery."

Here Mr. Lorry perceived the reflection on the wall to elongate, and Mr. Cruncher rose and stepped forward.

"That there Roger Cly, master," said Mr. Cruncher. "So *you* put him in his coffin?"

"I did."

"Who took him out of it, for he warn't never in it! I tell you, that you buried paving-stones and earth in that there coffin. Don't go and tell *me* that you buried Cly. It was a take in."

"How do you know it?"

"What's that to you? Ecod!" growled Mr. Cruncher.

Sydney Carton, who, with Mr. Lorry, had been lost in amazement here requested Mr. Cruncher to explain himself.

"At another time, sir," he returned evasively, "the present time is ill-convenient for explainin'. What I stand to, is, that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin."

"Humph! I see one thing," said Carton. "I hold another card, Mr. Barsad. A strong card—a certain guillotine card! Do you play?"

"No!" returned the spy. "I throw up. I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob, that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death, and that Cly was so ferreted up and down, that he never would have got away at all but for that sham. It has come to a point. I go on duty soon, and can't

overstay my time. You told me you had a proposal what is it ? "

" Not very much. You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie ? "

" I am sometimes."

" You can be when you choose ? "

" I can pass in and out when I choose."

Sydney Carton rose with an air of finality—" So far," he said, " we have spoken before these two, because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have a last word alone."

CHAPTER IX

THE GAME MADE

WHILE Sydney Carton and the sheep of the prisons were in the adjoining room, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry in considerable mistrust.

" Jerry," said Mr. Lorry. " Come here."

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

" What have you been, besides a messenger ? "

After some cogitation, Mr. Cruncher conceived the luminous idea of replying, " Agricultooral character."

" My mind misgives me much," said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, " that you have an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, don't expect me to befriend you when you get back to England."

" I hope, sir," pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, " that a gentleman like yourself would think twice about harming of me, even if it wos so—I don't say it is, but even if it wos. And if it wos, it wouldn't, even then, be all o' one side. There'd be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, a-picking up their guineas where a honest tradesman don't pick up his fardens. And there's Mrs. Cruncher, a-floppin' again

the business to that degree as is ruinating. Then, wot with undertakers, and wot with parish clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all awaricious and all in it), a man wouldn't get much even by it, if it wos so. And wot little a man did get, would never prosper with him, Mr. Lorry. He'd never have no good of it; even if it wos so."

"Ugh!" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless. "I am shocked at the sight of you."

"Now, what I would humbly offer to you, sir," pursued Mr. Cruncher, "would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there Bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man. Let that there boy keep his father's place, and take care of his mother; and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he would have un-dug—if it wos so—by diggin' of 'em in with a will. That, Mr. Lorry," said Mr. Cruncher, "is wot I would respectfully offer to you, sir, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry. "Say no more now. I want no more words."

Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead, as Sydney Carton and the spy returned from the dark room. "Adieu, Mr. Barsad!" said the former; "our arrangement thus made, you have nothing to fear."

When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done?

"Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have ensured access to him, once."

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire; he was an old man now, overborne with anxiety of late, and his tears fell.

"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, in an altered voice. "I could not respect your sorrow more, if you were my father."

Mr. Lorry gave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed it.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "Don't tell her of this interview, or this arrangement. It would not enable her to go to see him. You are going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. How does she look?"

"Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful."

"Ah!"

It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh—almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face, which was turned to the fire.

"And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir?" said Carton, turning to him.

"Yes."

Carton rose to help him on with his outer coat. "I'll walk with you to her gate."

A few minutes brought them to Mr. Lorry's destination. Carton left him there; but lingered at a little distance, and turned back to the gate again when it was shut, and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day. "She came out here," he said, looking about him, "turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps."

He had not gone far when he stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp, and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper. Then, traversing several dark and dirty streets, he stopped at a chemist's shop; a small dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous, uphill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man. He laid the scrap of paper before him.

"Whew!" the chemist whistled softly, as he read it. "You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen? You know the consequences of mixing them?"

"Perfectly."

Certain small packets were made and given to Carton. He put them in the breast of his inner coat, and left the shop. "There is nothing more to do," said he, glancing upward at the moon, "until to-morrow. I can't sleep."

Long ago, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise, he had followed his father to the grave. These solemn words, which had been read at the graveside, arose in his mind as he went down the dark streets—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if creation were delivered over to death's dominion. But the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm to Sydney's heart in its long bright rays, and the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of all his poor blindnesses and errors, ended in the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Mr. Lorry was already out when he got back. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and, having washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of trial.

The court was all astir and a-buzz; Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

Every eye was turned to the jury. The same determined patriots and good republicans as yesterday. The whole jury, as a jury of dogs impannelled to try the deer.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favourable leaning in that quarter to-day.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Reaccused and retaken yesterday. Suspected and denounced enemy of the Republic, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people.

The president asked by whom was the accused denounced?

"Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vendor of Saint Antoine. Thérèse Defarge, his wife. Alexandre Manette, physician."

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it, Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

"President, I indignantly protest. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child?"

"Citizen Manette, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic. Listen to what is to follow."

Frantic acclamations were raised. Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him. Defarge was produced.

"Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille, citizen."

"I knew," said Defarge, looking down at his wife—"I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of the jury, directed by a jailer. In a hole in the chimney, I find a written paper. This is that written paper. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the president."

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness, the paper was read, as follows.

CHAPTER X

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW

"I, ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where some pitying hand may find it when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain

unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, at the Eternal Judgment seat.

"In the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month), in the year 1757, I was walking at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let the carriage pass, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to me by my name. I answered. Two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up to the carriage. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves.

"'You are Doctor Manette?' said one.

"'I am.'

"'We have been to your residence,' said the first, 'and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"The manner of both was imperious, and they were armed. I was not.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'

"The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second. 'Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence.

. . . . . .

"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the north barrier, and emerged upon the country road. It struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath to the door of the house.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate, I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. On one of them, I saw the armorial bearings of a noble, and the letter E.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and then counted up to twelve, and said, 'Hush!' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry.

"'How long,' I asked, 'has this lasted?'

"To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who replied, 'Since about this hour last night.'

"'See, gentlemen,' said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, 'how useless I am, as you have brought me! There are no medicines here.'

"The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, 'There is a case of medicines here;' and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table.

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed.

"Presently the elder brother said—

"'There is another patient.'

"I was startled, and asked, 'Is it a pressing case?'

"'You had better see,' he carelessly answered; and took up a light.

. . . . . .

"Across a second staircase was a back room—a species of

loft over a stable. On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

"'I am a doctor, my poor fellow,' said I. 'Let me examine it.'

"'I do not want it examined,' he answered; 'let it be.'

"I soothed him to let me move his hand away. The wound was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could ever have saved him. He was then dying fast.

"'How has this been done, monsieur?' said I.

"'A crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword—like a gentleman.'

"He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

"The boy's eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

"'Doctor, they are very proud, these nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. She—— Have you seen her, doctor?'

"The cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance.

"I said, 'I have seen her.'

"'She is my sister, doctor. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too: a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man's who stands there.

"It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

"'We were so robbed by that man—as all we common dogs are by those superior beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for, was, that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!'

"I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed bursting forth like a fire.

"'Nevertheless, doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage. She had not been married many weeks, when that man's brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us! What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her willing?'

"The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true.

"'You know, doctor, that it is among the rights of these nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. Taken out of harness one day at noon, to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.'

"He forced back the gathering shadows of death.

"'Then, with that man's permission and even with his aid, his brother took her away; for his pleasure and diversion, for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be *his* vassal. Then I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand. He drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life.'

"'Marquis,' said the boy, turned to him with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, 'in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you, and yours to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it.'

"He put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead.

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman,

I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by and by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

"'Is she dead?' asked the marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother.

"'Not dead,' said I; 'but like to die.'

"'What strength there is in these common bodies!' he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

"'There is prodigious strength,' I answered him, 'in sorrow and despair.'

"As I caught the younger brother's eyes, their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply, for knowing what I knew from the boy. My patient died, two hours before midnight. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended. The brothers were waiting in a room downstairs, impatient to ride away.

"'At last she is dead?' said the elder, when I went in. 'I congratulate you, my brother.'

"He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table.

"'Pray excuse me,' said I. 'Under the circumstances, no.'

"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side.

"I decided, that day, to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone: in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what court influence was, and what the immunities of the nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret, even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed, when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me.

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me, as the wife of the Marquis

St. Evrémonde. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to. She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her inducement to come to me, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas, to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both.

. . . . . .

"These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy, from two to three years old, in her carriage.

"'For his sake, doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, 'I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. What I have left to call my own, I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

"She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, 'It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?' The child answered her bravely, 'Yes!' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, upstairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife, we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"An urgent case in the Rue St. Honoré, he said. It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

"It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn

tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it to me, burned it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here; I was brought to my living grave. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth."

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving and eagerness that had nothing articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and the man never trod ground whose virtues and services would have sustained him that day, against such denunciation.

And all the worse for the doomed man, that the denouncer was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his wife. One of the frenzied aspirations of the populace was for sacrifices on the people's altar. Therefore, when the president said (else had his own head quivered on his shoulders) that the good physician would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervour, not a touch of human sympathy.

"Much influence around him, has that doctor?" murmured Madame Defarge, smiling. "Save him now, my doctor, save him!"

At every juryman's vote, there was a roar.

Unanimously voted. Back to the Conciergerie, and death within twenty-four hours!

CHAPTER XI

DUSK

THE wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die, fell under the sentence as if she had been mortally stricken. But she uttered no sound; and so strong was the voice within her, representing that it was she of all the world who must uphold him in his misery and not augment it, that it quickly raised her, even from that shock. The quick noise and movement of the court's emptying itself by many passages had not ceased, when Lucie stood stretching out her arms towards her husband, with nothing in her face but love and consolation.

"If I might touch him! If I might embrace him once! Oh, good citizens, if you would have so much compassion for us!"

There was but a jailer left, along with two of the four men who had taken him last night, and Barsad. Barsad proposed to the rest, "Let her embrace him, then; it is but a moment." It was silently acquiesced in, and they passed her over the seats in the fall to a raised place, where he, by leaning over the dock, could fold her in his arms.

"Farewell, darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love. We shall meet again."

They were her husband's words, as he held her to his bosom.

Her father had followed her, and would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him, crying—

"No, no! What have you done, that you should kneel to us! We know now, what a struggle you made of old. We thank you with all our hearts, and all our love and duty. Heaven be with you!"

Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair, and wring them with a shriek of anguish.

'It could not be otherwise," said the prisoner. "Be comforted, and forgive me. Heaven bless you!"

As he was drawn away, his wife released him, and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer, and with a comforting smile. As he went out at the prisoner's door, she laid her head on her father's breast, tried to speak, and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down in a coach. When they arrived at the gateway, he lifted her again, and carried her up the staircase to their rooms. There he laid her down on a couch where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"Don't recall her to herself," he said softly, to the latter, "she is better so; don't revive her to consciousness, while she only faints."

"Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton!" cried little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him, in a burst of grief. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa!"

He bent over the child, and laid her blooming cheek against his face. He put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother.

"Before I go," he said, and paused—"I may kiss her?"

It was remembered afterwards that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips, he murmured some words. The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterwards, and told her grandchildren when she was a handsome old lady, that she heard him say, "A life you love. It is the only way."

When he had gone out into the next room, he turned suddenly on Mr. Lorry and her father, who were following, and said to the latter—

"You had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette; let it, at least, be tried. The hours between this and to-morrow afternoon are few and short, but try."

"I intend to try. I will not rest a moment."

"That's well. I have known such energy as yours do great things before now—though never," he added, with a smile and a sigh together, "such great things as this. But try!"

"I will go," said Doctor Manette, "to the prosecutor and the president straight, and I will go to others whom it is better not to name. I will write too, and—— But stay! There is a celebration in the streets, and no one will be accessible until dark."

"That's true. Well! It is a forlorn hope at the best, and not much the forlorner for being delayed till dark. I should like to know how you speed. If I go to Mr. Lorry's at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from our friend or from yourself?"

"Yes."

"May you prosper!"

Mr. Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door, and, touching him on the shoulder as he was going away, caused him to turn.

"I have no hope," said Mr. Lorry, in a low and sorrowful whisper."

"Nor have I. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise, she might think 'his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted,' and that might trouble her."

"Yes, yes, yes," returned Mr. Lorry, drying his eyes, "you are right. But he will perish; there is no real hope."

"Yes. He will perish; there is no real hope," echoed Carton. And walked, with a settled step, downstairs.

CHAPTER XII

DARKNESS

Sydney Carton paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. "At Tellson's banking-house at nine," he said, with a musing face. "Shall I do well, in the meantime, to show myself? I think so. It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here." And he turned his face towards Saint Antoine.

Defarge had described himself that day, as the keeper of a wine-shop in the Saint Antoine suburb. It was not

difficult for one who knew the city well, to find his house without asking any questions. Having ascertained its situation, Carton came out of those closer streets again, and dined at a place of refreshment and fell sound asleep after dinner. For the first time in many years, he had no strong drink. It was as late as seven o'clock when he awoke refreshed, and went out into the streets again. direct to Defarge's, and went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques Three. This man whom he had seen upon the jury, stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man and wife.

As Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked (in very indifferent French) for a small measure of wine, Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and then a keener, and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he had ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

"English?" asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively raising her dark eyebrows.

After looking at her, as if the sound of even a single French word were slow to express itself to him, he answered, in his former strong foreign accent, "Yes, madame, yes. I am English!"

Madame Defarge, returned to her counter to get the wine, and, as he took up a Jacobin journal and feigned to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear to you, like Evrémonde!"

Defarge brought him the wine, went back to the counter, and said, "Certainly a little like." Madame sternly retorted, "I tell you a good deal like." Jacques Three remarked, "He is so much in your mind, see you, madame. And you are looking forward to seeing him once more to-morrow!"

Carton followed the lines and words of his paper, with a slow forefinger, and with a studious and absorbed face. They were all leaning their arms on the counter close together, speaking low.

"Is it true, what madame says," observed Jacques Three. "Why stop?"

"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere."

"At extermination," said madame.

"Magnificent!" croaked Jacques Three.

"Extermination is good doctrine, my wife," said Defarge, rather troubled; "But this doctor has suffered much; you observed his face when the paper was read."

"I have observed his face!" repeated madame contemptuously and angrily. "Yes, I have observed his face to be not the face of a true friend of the Republic. Listen! For crimes as tyrants and oppressors, I have this race a long time on my register, doomed to destruction and extermination. In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastille falls, my husband finds this paper of to-day, and he brings it home, and in the middle of the night we read it, here on this spot, by the light of this lamp. That night, I tell him that I have now a secret to communicate. I communicate to him that secret. 'Defarge,' I say to him, 'I was brought up among the fishermen of the seashore, and that peasant family so injured by the two Evrémonde brothers, is my family. Defarge, that sister of the wounded boy upon the ground was my sister, that father was my father and that summons to answer for those things descends to me!'

"It is so," assented Defarge.

"Then tell wind and fire where to stop," returned madame; "but don't tell me."

Both her hearers derived a horrible enjoyment from the deadly nature of her wrath, and highly commended it. Defarge, a weak minority, interposed a few words for the memory of the compassionate wife of the marquis; but only elicited from his own wife a repetition of her last reply. "Tell the wind and fire where to stop; not me!"

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, perplexedly counted his change, and went his way.

At the appointed hour he presented himself in Mr. Lorry's room again, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. He said he had been with Lucie until just now, and had only left her for a few minutes, to come and keep his appointment. Her father had been more than five hours gone. Where could he be?

They were discussing this question, and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged

absence, when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room, it was plain that all was lost.

Whether he had really been to anyone, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, was never known. As he stood staring at them, they asked him no question, for his face told them everything.

"I cannot find it," said he, "and I must have it. Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere for my bench, and I can't find it. What have they done with my work? Time presses: I must finish those shoes."

Receiving no answer, he tore his hair, and beat his feet upon the ground, like a distracted child. It was so clearly beyond hope to reason with him, or try to restore him, that—as if by agreement—they each put a hand upon his shoulder, and soothed him to sit down before the fire, with a promise that he should have his work presently.

Carton was the first to speak—

"The last chance is gone: it was not much. Yes; he had better be taken to her. But before you go, will you, for a moment, steadily attend to me? Don't ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make, and exact the promise I am going to exact; I have a reason—a good one."

"I do not doubt it," answered Mr. Lorry. "Say on."

Carton put his hand in his coat, and took a paper from it. "The certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see—Sydney Carton, an Englishman?"

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing in his earnest face.

"Keep it for me until to-morrow. Now, take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him. It is a similar certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child at any time, to pass the barrier and the frontier! You see?"

"Yes!"

"Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil yesterday. It is good, until recalled. But it may be soon recalled, and, I have reason to think, will be?"

"They are not in danger?"

"They are in great danger. They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge. I know it from her

own lips. Don't look so horrified. You will save them all."

"Heaven grant I may, Carton! But how?"

"I am going to tell you how. It will depend on you, and it could depend on no better man. You know it is a capital crime, to mourn for, or sympathise with, a victim of the guillotine. She and her father would unquestionably be guilty of this crime, and this woman would wait to add that strength to her case, and make herself doubly sure. You have money, and can buy the means of travelling to the sea-coast as quickly as the journey can be made. Your preparations have been completed for some days to return to England. Early to-morrow, have your horses ready, so that they may be in starting trim at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"It shall be done!"

"For the sake of her child and her father, press upon her the necessity of leaving Paris, with them and you, at that hour. Tell her that it was her husband's last arrangement. Tell her that more depends upon it than she dare believe, or hope. You think that her father, even in this sad state, will submit himself to her; do you not?"

"I am sure of it."

"I thought so. Quietly and steadily, have all these arrangements made in the courtyard here, even to the taking of your own seat in the carriage. The moment I come to you, take me in, and drive away."

"I understand that I wait for you, under all circumstances?"

"You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England!"

"Why, then," said Mr. Lorry, grasping his eager but so firm and steady hand, "it does not all depend on one old man, but I shall have a young and ardent man at my side."

"By the help of Heaven you shall! Remember these words to-morrow: change the course, or delay in it—for any reason—and no life can possibly be saved, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed."

"I will remember them. I hope to do my part faithfully."

"And I hope to do mine. Now, good-bye!"

He said it with a grave smile of earnestness, and put the old man's hand to his lips, He helped him to arouse the rocking figure before the dying embers, and to tempt it forth to find where the bench and work were hidden that it still moaningly besought to have. He walked on the other side of it to the courtyard of the house where the afflicted heart outwatched the awful night. He entered the courtyard and remained there for a few moments alone, looking up at the light in the window of her room. Before he went away, he breathed a blessing towards it, and a farewell.

CHAPTER XIII

FIFTY-TWO

In the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation. Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen. But by degrees he calmed into the better state, when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down. He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery until the paper had been read. He besought her to console her father, by impressing him with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes.

To her father himself, he wrote in the same strain; but he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care.

To Mr. Lorry, he commended them all, and explained his worldly affairs. That done, all was done. He never thought of Carton.

When he lay down on his straw bed, he thought he had done with this world.

He awoke in the sombre morning, unconscious where he was or what had happened, until it flashed upon his mind, "This is the day of my death!"

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone for ever, ten gone for ever. He walked up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone for ever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets.

Walking regularly to and fro, he heard one struck away from him, without surprise.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. You are not a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with

the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask you that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"'If you remember,'" said Carton, dictating, "'the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them.'"

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them'?" Carton asked.

"I have. What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again. "'I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief.'" As he said these words, his hands slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapour is that?" he asked.

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention.

"'If it had been otherwise'"—Carton's hand was again softly stealing down—it was at the prisoner's face—"'I

should but have had so much the more to answer for.'" Carton looked at the pen, and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up, with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close at his nostrils. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him ; but within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called, " Enter there ! Come in ! " and the spy presented himself.

" You see ? " said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast ; " is your hazard very great ? "

" Mr. Carton," the spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, " my hazard is not *that*, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

" Have no fear ! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God ! Now, get assistance, and take me to the coach."

" You ? " said the spy nervously.

" Him, man ! You go out at the same gate ?

" Of course."

" I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here often. Your life is in your own hands."

" You swear not to betray me ? " said the trembling spy, as he paused for a last moment.

" Man, man ! " returned Carton, stamping his foot ; " have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now ? Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night and his promise of last night, and drive away ! "

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the

table, resting his forehead on his hands. The spy returned immediately, with two men. They raised the unconscious figure and placed it on a litter they had brought to the door.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clocks struck two.

Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A jailer, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance. As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, a young woman rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand. "I am a poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer: "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me? If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them. He pressed the work-worn, young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

* * * * *

The same shadows that are falling on the prison, are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the

barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes here? Whom have we within? Papers!"

The papers are handed out, and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?"

This is he; this helpless, inarticulately murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.

"Apparently the citizen-doctor is not in his right mind? The revolution-fever will have been too much for him?"

Greatly too much for him.

"Hah! Many suffer with it. Lucie. His daughter. French. Which is she?"

This is she.

"Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evrémonde; is it not?"

It is.

"Hah! Evrémonde has an assignation elsewhere. Lucie, her child. English. This is she?"

She and no other.

"Sydney Carton. Advocate. English. Which is he?"

He lies here, in this corner of the carriage. He is not in strong health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the Republic.

"Is that all? It is not a great deal, that! Many are under the displeasure of the Republic, and must look out at the little window. Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

"I am he. Necessarily, being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. It is Jarvis Lorry who has alighted and stands with his hand on the coach door, replying to a group of officials.

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, countersigned."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postillions!"

"I salute you, citizens. And the first danger passed!"

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry, as he clasps his hands, and looks upward.

"Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?" asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

"It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much; it would rouse suspicion."

"Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued!"

"The road is clear, my dearest. So far, we are not pursued."

The night comes on dark. He moves more; he begins to speak intelligibly; he thinks they are still together; he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O pity us, kind Heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but we are pursued by nothing else.

CHAPTER XIV

THE KNITTING DONE

Now, when the journey of the travelling-coach had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. Finally, he had proposed, after anxious consideration, that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty to leave the city, should leave it at three o'clock in the lightest-wheeled conveyance known to that period.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach.

"Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, "what do you think of our not starting from this courtyard? Another carriage having already gone from here to-day, it might awaken suspicion."

"My opinion, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "is as you're right."

"If you were to go before," said Miss Pross, "and wait somewhere for me; wouldn't that be best?"

Mr. Cruncher thought it might be best.

"By the cathedral door," said Miss Pross. "Would it be much out of the way to take me in near the great cathedral door between the two towers?"

"No, miss," answered Mr. Cruncher.

"Then, like the best of men," said Miss Pross, "go to the post-house straight. Take me in at the cathedral, at three o'clock, or as near it as you can, and I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher! Think—not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!"

This exordium, and Miss Pross's two hands in quite agonised entreaty clasping his, decided Mr. Cruncher. With an encouraging nod or two, he immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed. She looked at her watch, and it was twenty minutes past two. She had no time to lose, but must get ready at once.

Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, she constantly paused and looked round to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room. The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. "Woman, imbecile and pig-like!" said she, frowning. "I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!"

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to *her*self; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it."

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross on the instinct of the moment seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her more tightly still.

Soon Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone—blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

In the first fright and horror of her situation, Miss Pross passed the body as far from it as she could, and ran down the stairs to call for fruitless help. Happily, she bethought herself of the consequences of what she did, in time to check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again; but she did go in, and even went near it, to get the bonnet and other things that she must wear. These she put on, out on the staircase, first shutting and locking the door and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few moments, to breathe and to cry, and then got up and hurried away.

In crossing the bridge she dropped the door key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral some few minutes before her escort, and waiting there, she thought what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder! In the midst of these thoughts the escort appeared, and took her away.

"Is there any noise in the streets?" she asked.

"The usual noises," Mr. Cruncher replied; surprised by the question.

"I don't hear you," said Miss Pross.

It was in vain for Mr. Cruncher to repeat what he said; Miss Pross could not hear him. "So I'll nod my head," thought Mr. Cruncher, amazed; "at all events she'll see that." And she did.

"Blest if she ain't in a queer condition!" said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed. "Wot can she have been a-takin' to keep her courage up? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, miss?"

"I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing."

"If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts," said Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, "it's my opinion that she never will hear anything else in this world."

And indeed she never did.

CHAPTER XV

THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOR EVER

As the sombre wheels of the death-carts go round, seeming to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. Here and there in the long street of Saint Honoré, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and in front of the guillotine, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting.

Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could speak, count one.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He places her with her back

to the engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid.

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone.

"Brave and generous friend, you comfort me so much! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; only a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count twenty-two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.

They said of him that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there; that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the sufferers by the same axe had asked at the foot of the scaffold to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:—

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I

shall see no more. I see her with a child upon her bosom who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

THE END